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A Journalism Review

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**Jack Anderson  
After Eagleton  
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In California  
How Reporter Power  
Works in Europe**

## Up Against The Wall Street Journal

BY A. KENT MACDOUGALL

Last December, after informing managing editor Frederick Taylor that I had decided to resign from *The Wall Street Journal*, I returned to my desk in the newsroom, rolled a half-sheet into my typewriter and dashed off a message. It was in the style of the round-up memos that editors in New York send nearly every day to all 15 bureaus except St. Louis, which has all it can do to cover the dying shoe industry. It read:

ALL CITIES (EXCEPT ST L)

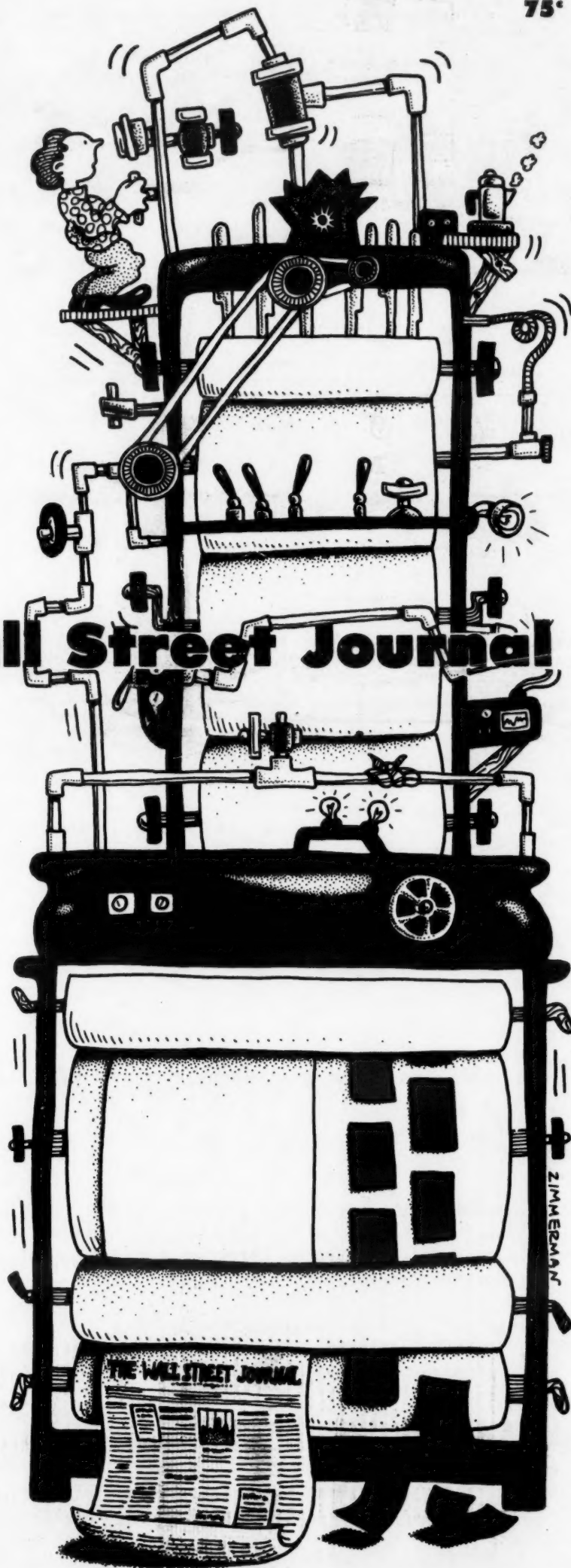
ON JANUARY 7, AFTER 10 YEARS AND 3 MONTHS OF DJ [DOW JONES] PEONAGE, I WILL BE FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST, GREAT GAWD ALMIGHTY, FREE AT LAST.

RGDS  
MACDOUGALL NY

Within minutes, two veteran bureau chiefs phoned Taylor demanding to know why he was permitting the use of the wire to preach insurrection to the field hands. The normally good-natured Taylor, who had not seen the memo, although by this time it had drawn dozens of staffers to the newsroom bulletin board, bolted from his office. He stormed the length of the newsroom, shouldered aside the tax columnist who was waiting to shake my hand, and, as a score of colleagues looked on incredulously, stood over me shaking with rage. In a voice on the verge of breaking, he demanded to know how I could show such disloyalty by accusing Dow Jones, the *Journal's* parent company, of "peonage." I explained that the memo was my way of saying goodbye to my friends and, with a smile, suggested that he was taking the whole matter too seriously. Taylor wheeled and marched angrily back to his office.

Now I had to be fired. Late that Friday afternoon, Taylor summoned me to his office and summarily announced that while he would keep me on the payroll another four weeks, he didn't want me on the premises another day. I was now being given the same bum's rush that previous managing editors had accorded at least three other reporters after they had the audacity to resign, one to go to *The Washington Post*, the two others to *The New York Times*. The first *Times* reporter had been on the *Journal* 16 years and was told upon giving four weeks notice, "You don't have to stay another 15 minutes!" He didn't. But I wanted to go in my own good time and on my own terms. So, unprepared as I was for Taylor's edict,

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# [HELLBOX]

Rosebuds to Jeremy Rifkin and Erwin Knoll for baring the "secrets of '76" in a 7,500-word report (*The Progressive*—September, 1972) entitled, "Greatest Show on Earth." Assisted by a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism, Rifkin, a founder of a group called The Peoples Bicentennial Commission, and Knoll, *The Progressive's* Washington editor, show conclusively how the Administration has planned to exploit the full commercial and political opportunities inherent in the forthcoming bicentennial celebration. "By 1975, if the [American Revolution Bicentennial] Commission has its way," they write, "the Bicentennial star will be ubiquitous and unavoidable in all America. One million Bicentennial bumper strips will beautify the nation's highways. Bicentennial cuff links, lapel pins, and cigarette lighters are in the works, and Bicentennial medallions are already being offered to collectors. The ARBC emblem, certifying true-blue Americanism, will grace books and balloons and baseball bats—and the people who buy them." The authors report that we'll be eating Sara Lee Bicentennial Cakes and Baskin-Robbins ice cream with flavors like Mount Vernon Cherry Pecan and Valley Forge Rum Ration. Our friends will send us bicentennial greeting cards produced by Hallmark. The airwaves will be saturated with patriotic broadcasts such as "Who Stole the Spirit of '76?" starring Jack Webb and "The American Experience" with Chet Huntley, a four-year series described by its producer as "100 per cent optimistic and upbeat." Even Casper the Friendly Ghost will be transmogrified for the occasion, becoming Casper the Spirit of '76 and the star of a series of cartoons called the "Red, White and BOO."

The Bicentennial plans are designed to do more than simply further endear the Nixon administration to the nation's major corporate interests, all of which can expect to profit mightily from the variety of options offered to them. Still more important is the chance to quell what the Administration regards as an "unpatriotic" malaise. To this end, according to Rifkin and Knoll, who buttress their case with an impressive number of documents obtained from ARBC staffers, "President Nixon has conceived a plan to manipulate the mass psychology of an entire nation back into conformity with his vision of what the American way of life should be." And to ensure himself an important place in the nation's history: "The rising crescendo of nationwide festivities to culminate on July 4, 1976, is to be the jewel in the diadem of the Nixon Years. By 1976, if all goes as planned, the White House expects to imprint the Nixon thought so indelibly upon the American mind that it will continue to shape the character of our nation for generations yet unborn."

It is gratifying to note that the Rifkin-Knoll report is already having an effect. Investigations into the activities of the ARBC have been launched both by the General Accounting Office and the House Judiciary Committee. They could result in the thwarting of some of the more grandiose schemes of the policy of "bicentennialization."

## Spindling the Media

In 1969 the Justice Department filed an antitrust suit against IBM, which by then controlled some 70 per cent of the computer industry, soon to be the largest industry in the world. Such a case would seem to warrant a good deal of attention from the press, and yet news about the litigation, still in its pre-trial phase, has been scant. That's in large part because IBM devised an ingenious method for warding off unfavorable publicity. The company proposed an order prohibiting all parties to the case from commenting to the press. The order—Pretrial Order No. 4—was issued May 12 by Judge David Edelstein. As a result, information about the case can be obtained only by attending the court sessions or poring over court records.

The order cited erroneous reports attributed to Justice Department spokesmen appearing in the *San Jose Mercury*, the now-defunct *Washington Daily News* and *Electronic News*. These news reports dealt with speculations about the length of the trial, the naming of the judge and the possibilities of an out-of-court settlement. The court apparently found it necessary to prohibit all statements made to the press simply on the basis of these errors—an action not unlike boycotting the purchase of computers because a few of them make mistakes.

The Association of Data Processing Service Organizations (ADAPSO) petitioned the court to withdraw the order, but following a hearing, the petition was denied. In that hearing, ADAPSO had argued that the court was duped by IBM into believing that the order was in-

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# The One That Got Away

BY BOB KUTTNER

Two months after the fact, a talk with Jack Anderson leaves one with the unmistakable impression that he still believes he might have been right about Tom Eagleton. He doesn't put it in so many words. But as we talked in his office recently, he insistently defended his sources and justified the plausibility of his story, almost forgetting the full retraction he finally made on August 1. "Everyone has written that True Davis was the only source," the columnist said. "He was not the only source. We tracked down a state trooper who described the system [of covering for Eagleton's alleged drunk driving] in considerable detail. There are stories that you take on the word of a trooper." Like a prosecutor who couldn't quite marshal the evidence to persuade the jury, Anderson led me through the exhibits, determined to demonstrate that at least his investigation wasn't slipshod. He seems to feel that the missing evidence might still exist, but he has no stomach to reopen the case. "I made my retraction, and I stand by it," he said. Anderson recalls the whole episode with anguish: not because he was taken in by a false story, but because he let the big one get away—and in full public view. He seems at least as chagrined by the journalistic sin—the "inexcusable" failure to nail down such a sensational story before he broadcast it—than about the wrong done to a presumably innocent politician.

During what Senator Eagleton came to call "The Week That Was," Anderson's own staff was sharply divided. The columnist's senior associate, Les Whitten, was urging Anderson to stick with his story. Others counseled immediate retraction. (Anderson readily concedes the division of opinion, but neither he nor anyone on his staff will confirm who was on what side.) The columnist himself decided to stake out a curious middle position: he regretted breaking the story "prematurely," but there would be no retraction.

While Eagleton was desperately scrambling to save his place on the ticket, his accuser was frantically trying to salvage his story. For five days the firm proof Anderson needed to vindicate his reporting seemed to hang tantalizingly just beyond his reach. Missouri state troopers who supposedly ticketed Eagleton couldn't say so on the record for fear of their jobs. Others who claimed to know about the photostats likewise insisted on anonymity. The fact that the story was already in print made the sources that much more nervous. But the truth had to out, didn't it? And then how would Anderson look if he had killed his own story?

## TUESDAY, JULY 25

The week began with the surprise press conference in Custer, S.D., where Eagleton first disclosed his psychiatric history. Anderson says he immediately thought of his conversation with his friend True Davis, who four years earlier had told the columnist about the alleged photostats of Eagleton's drunk and reckless driving tickets. Davis, a former ambassador and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, had sought out Anderson's advice in the 1968 Missouri Democratic primary, in which he opposed Eagleton for the Senate nomination. According to Anderson, both men agreed that Davis should "take the high road" and refrain from making use of the photostats in his campaign against Eagleton. The photostats were supposedly destroyed along with other campaign memorabilia after Davis "left electoral politics." As Anderson tells it, his friend Davis was highly reluctant to discuss the matter that afternoon. Anderson says Davis would corroborate the details about the photostated tickets only two telephone calls later, on Wednesday, after the columnist had dug up some independent evidence on his own.

But something doesn't wash. Only hours after talking to Anderson, the reluctant Davis was at a Teddy Kennedy party in McLean, Virginia, volunteering the story to *Washington Post* columnist Maxine Cheshire, whom he scarcely knew. Cheshire recalls that she was about to leave the reception when Davis exchanged pleasantries and then briefly recounted the drunk-driving story. Anderson can't explain the contradiction, and suggested that I ask Davis. I did, and he can't either. He first said that, yes, he had indeed been reluctant to discuss the matter with Anderson. He became totally flustered when I asked how it was, in that case, that he had sought out Cheshire. In any event, both Anderson and Cheshire began working on the story Tuesday night.

## WEDNESDAY, JULY 26

The morning papers were full of the story about Eagleton's electroshock treatments. Eagleton had left Custer, S.D. for Los Angeles. McGovern's top aides, Gary Hart and Frank Mankiewicz, had returned to Washington, leaving the candidate in South Dakota. Anderson and his staff were on the phone to Missouri all day. So was Maxine Cheshire. By afternoon, Anderson had True Davis's description of the alleged system

where state troopers would stop Eagleton for drunk driving, write out a summons, then destroy all but one copy "for their own protection". Supposedly, three sets of photostats had been circulating during the 1968 Senate campaign. Anderson had also tracked down a trooper who sounded intimately familiar with the details, and another former official who said he had heard of the photostats. No hard case had been proved yet, but as the day wore on, Anderson became convinced that other reporters were hot on the trail, and grew determined to be first. Michael Kiernan, Anderson's staff man who prepares his daily broadcasts for the Mutual network, drafted a carefully qualified radio script describing the rumors, and noting that reporters were working to track them down. That way, Anderson would be first with the story, but not in the position of literally making the charges himself.

## THURSDAY, JULY 27

The papers were still full of Eagleton's psychiatric record, though Eagleton's press secretary, Mike Kelly, is convinced that the issue was beginning to fade. McGovern was standing behind his running mate "1,000 per cent." Anderson arrived at Mutual's Washington studio at about 10 A.M. Reading over the script, the hedging struck him as wishy-washy. With two minutes to go, he penciled in a line: "Eagleton has steadfastly denied any alcoholism in the past, but we have now located photostats of half a dozen arrests for drunken and reckless driving." Mutual immediately began promoting the exclusive, which was on the air before Anderson got back to his office.

"I was already having misgivings," Anderson recalls. Back at his office, the switchboard was jammed with calls from networks and wire services that wanted the photostats. There weren't any to be had. Senator Eagleton was calling the charge "a damnable lie." Anderson immediately drafted a "clarification," the first of several. "Located" was changed to "traced". Anderson was quoted the next morning by James Naughton in *The New York Times*: "I did not see any photostats and I have stressed that. My source is completely reliable. We all quote reliable sources. I have known him for years. Between my source and Eagleton, I believe my source." Film crews and pandemonium reigned in the Anderson office. The columnist had become the story, and though qualifying it, he was sticking to it.

At the *Post*, meanwhile, Maxine Cheshire was turning up one dead-end after another. Davis was very foggy about the details of the photostats. He remembered an undertaker who had something to do with them in a city that might have been Fulton, Mo. Cheshire found the man, who said there were nothing but rumors, which he didn't believe. Davis recalled a former prosecutor who might have been in one of several counties. Cheshire turned up a man in Calloway county whom Davis thought fitted the description. He said the rumors were nonsense, too. Davis could recall virtually nothing about the incident in which he was supposedly handed the photostats: what part of the state it took place in; what the trooper looked like; what Davis was doing there. Cheshire found the patrolman who had given Eagleton his one documented speeding ticket in 1962. The trooper, James Laffoon, told her that he had taken a lot of ribbing from the guys for having ticketed the attorney general, but added: "He was a perfect gentleman about it, and went and paid his fine like everyone else."

At the *Times* bureau, Naughton was also growing increasingly skeptical. He asked Anderson to provide his "source" on a confidential basis. Davis was painfully aware that he had his friend out on an embarrassing limb, and with great reluctance agreed to talk to Naughton with Anderson present. In Custer, S.D., meanwhile, McGovern's staff was beginning to drop broad hints that perhaps Eagleton might have to be replaced.

## FRIDAY, JULY 28

The speculation was growing in the press that Eagleton would be dumped. The new Anderson charges were front page news. The columnist issued a second clarification statement, back-pedaling another step. "In the news business we rely on sources who sometimes ask not to be identified. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, for example, quoted an unnamed former Missouri highway official, who said he had personally stopped Eagleton three times and that other state troopers had stopped him on other occasions. I repeatedly emphasized yesterday that I saw no documentation myself and that the alleged incidents involved no convictions. Prior to using the story, my office tried to reach Eagleton for twenty-four hours for his comment, but he failed to return our calls. In retrospect, I believe I broadcast the story prematurely and should have





waited until I could authenticate the citations personally. Nevertheless, I have faith in my sources and stand by the story. If this faith should ever turn out to be unwarranted, I will issue a full retraction and apology."

In Custer, George McGovern performed his now-famous "table-hopping" routine, letting reporters at a restaurant know, one by one, that he personally was considering that Eagleton might have to be sacrificed, in case anyone was continuing to mistake the rumors for idle staff chatter. At the *Post*, the Anderson charges—even though they had never run in his column, were making the editorial brass increasingly nervous. They told Maxine Cheshire to keep at it. And at CBS, producer-Prentiss Childs scored his own coup. Senator Eagleton agreed to be the guest on the Sunday *Face the Nation* program. Telephoning Childs to notify him of Eagleton's acceptance, press secretary Mike Kelly asked who the interviewers would be. Two of them would be George Herman and Barry Serafin of CBS, Childs told Kelly, "and don't worry, we'll find a third one." (In fact, Childs already had slated Naughton of the *Times* as the third panelist.) CBS now immediately set about publicizing the Eagleton appearance.

#### SATURDAY, JULY 29

Jack Anderson awoke to read the Cheshire and Naughton stories, and he came out looking awful. Self-serving, heartless, and worst of all, clumsy. Cheshire's editorial page column on "The News Business" was entitled "Anderson on Eagleton: A Charge That Didn't Stand Up." In great detail, but without naming him, she described Davis's attempts to interest her in the story, her efforts to track it down, and her firm conclusion that it was a dud. She was sure that her source was the same as Anderson's. Cheshire concluded: "The Anderson charges, in short, are a classic example of precisely the sort of reporting that has brought the news business under attack."

Though not couched as a direct attack on Anderson, Naughton's *Times* story stung even worse. Naughton had reached similar conclusions about the story's accuracy based on his interview with the still unidentified Davis. Noting that Anderson had won a Pulitzer for his disclosures about Administration decision-making during the Indo-Pakistani conflict, Naughton wrote, "Anderson acknowledged after observing the interview [Naughton interviewing Davis] that his handling of the sensitive allegations about Mr. Eagleton had not been up to prize-winning standards: 'I would not have used it in the column without documentation. I went on the air with it because I thought that momentarily someone was going to get it, and I wanted to score a scoop.'"

Prentiss Childs phoned Mike Kelly back, meanwhile, to cheerfully report he'd "found" a third panelist: Jack Anderson. Kelly exploded, but realized immediately that Childs had them mousetrapped. The appearance had already been widely publicized, and there was no way Eagleton could afford to duck a face-to-face meeting with his accuser, even though it galled him to give Anderson one more national forum to reiterate the charges. But in anguished conversations that day, several of Anderson's staff were arguing that the "Face the Nation" broadcast should be the occasion for a complete retraction. The whole thing was going sour on them. They had found a trooper who seemed to have first-hand knowledge of the ticketing system, where Eagleton's citations were destroyed except for the one copy—but he could have been lying.

another Missouri official who remembered the photostats, but it turned out he hadn't seen them personally either. No copies seemed to exist, and if they ever did they might well have been forgeries. If someone had gone to the trouble of circulating photostats, why didn't he keep a copy for himself? And why hadn't that original source materialized? Come to think of it, if troopers were under instructions to destroy summonses when the offender turned out to be Tom Eagleton, why bother writing tickets at all? That didn't add up either. By day's end, Anderson had to resolve to apologize, but not quite retract.

True Davis, meanwhile, revealed on network television that he was Anderson's source, telling something of a whopper in the process. "I have come to the reluctant conclusion," he said, "That I am Jack Anderson's source." Davis described his conversation with Anderson four years earlier, but said nothing about his talks with Anderson, Naughton, or Cheshire earlier in the week, leaving the viewer with the impression that Davis was only now realizing that, of course, Jack Anderson must have remembered that conversation from 1968.

#### SUNDAY, JULY 30

A few minutes into the "Face The Nation" broadcast, Anderson announced that he planned to offer Senator Eagleton an apology. Moments later, George Herman referred in passing to "Mr. Anderson's retraction," and that, says the columnist, made him see red. About twelve minutes in, after some questioning, Anderson went ahead with his planned statement: "I violated my own rules. I did not authenticate whether or not these tickets were genuine. Using these sources, I went ahead with a story that I should not have gone ahead with, and that was unfair to you. And



you have my apology." Eagleton had to respond graciously: "It takes a real man to get on nationwide television to say you've made a mistake," he told Anderson. "I commend you for your courage."

The questioning went on for several minutes. Eagleton's warm acceptance of a "retraction" the columnist hadn't really made was beginning to grate on Anderson. He broke in: "Well, Senator, I would like nothing better than to dispose of this issue right here and now, and I wish I could retract the story completely and say in good conscience there's nothing to it. I cannot in good conscience do that."

"You can't?" Eagleton replied, astonished.

He hoped he could meet privately with Eagleton, Anderson explained, to go over his documentation and settle it once and for all. "I'm going to cooperate," Eagleton responded, "but I don't quite get the apology and then the no retraction business."

The show had to be a low point in political journalism in other respects as well. I was hardly fair of Childs to cast Anderson, a protagonist, as Eagleton's inquisitor. George Herman ought to get some sort of a ghoulishness award for his picky questions about which tranquilizer Eagleton used, and his gratuitous observation with only seconds left in the program that Eagleton, who had been under the hot lights half an hour, was perspiring.

#### MONDAY, AUGUST 31

Not entirely satisfied with the way his justification came across on television, and smarting from a chorus of editorial criticism, Anderson now sent a three-page confidential memo to all of his editors, still taking the position that the story had been premature, but carefully researched, and could not yet be retracted. He also noted that he had kept it out of the column. Davis, he said, who was Eagleton's "close friend," had agreed to discuss the matter only when pressed. "I phoned the reluctant Davis, and got an admission from him that a state trooper had delivered an envelope to him at a political rally in 1968," Anderson wrote disinguously. But, Anderson continued, the two officers involved in ticketing incidents who he had been able to reach denied any part in it, and, said Anderson, he had heard that they feared for their jobs. Conceding his "mistake," Anderson reiterated: "My sources, nevertheless, are reliable, and the details they have given me are persuasive. I cannot therefore completely retract a story that I still believe to be true." He concluded: "The story cannot now be proved, and, therefore, should not have been broadcast. This is not the first mistake I have ever made. I hope it will be the last."

Monday evening, at the Capitol, Tom Eagleton stepped down. Though Anderson doesn't say so, it appears to have been that event, rather than any change in Anderson's faith in his sources, that finally persuaded the columnist to fully retract the story Tuesday morning.

#### TUESDAY, AUGUST 1

When Anderson arrived for his meeting with Eagleton at the Senator's office, he was still not certain what the outcome would be. The way Anderson recalls it, he had Eagleton visibly shaken at a couple of points when he cited specific incidents and quoted troopers. Eagleton remembers being incredulous that Anderson was still hounding him. He told Joe McGinnis, who recounted the quote in a recent profile of Eagleton for *Life*: "He'd keep pulling these little pieces of paper out of his pocket and reading me off something some trooper was supposed to have said, and I'd say, Is that all you've got? You've got no more documentation than that? And he'd say that was all he had. And I'd say, shit. Or sometimes horseshit. Or sometimes bullshit."

Mike Kelly remembers that only towards the very end of the meeting did Anderson finally conceded that he should make a full retraction. "Even at the end, he kept stalling. He wasn't going to do the honorable thing. He kept hoping that Tom would be so tired of it all, that he would only have to repeat the apology. But Tom insisted on a full retraction." After about forty minutes the two emerged into Eagleton's outer office, and the Senator said quietly to the throng of reporters, "Here's Mr. Anderson. He has something he'd like to say." Anderson took a deep breath. "I did not give him a full retraction," he began, "because I had some additional questions. I am totally satisfied there is no evidence. I have come out here to retract the story in toto. I am convinced that Senator Eagleton was never arrested for recklessness or drunken driving. I have no present evidence. If there were photostats, they were phony. It was inexcusable of me to use this story. It is unqualified. It hurt with the McGovern people. I think the story did damage the Senator. I owe him a great and humble apology."

After exactly a week, it was over.

Anderson says he broke his own rules. Running the story without adequate documentation was only one such rule. More puzzling was his willingness to place so much faith in a source who (1) had his own axe to grind and (2) was Anderson's chum. Over the years, Anderson and

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## Lifeline For The Underground

BY NAT HENTOFF

In *The Paper Revolutionaries: The Rise of the Underground Press*, Laurence Leamer maintains that this rebellion through journalism will prove to be the most durable result of a greening of America that now appears to have turned rather sere. He may be right. While the mortality rate of the non-straight press continues to be high, so is its birth rate. And as I've seen in the course of considerable traveling in recent years, there are many towns and cities in which the "alternative" paper, scruffy as it often is, provides the smoldering young (including "movement" graduates now in their late twenties and early thirties) with a primary lifeline to those with similar hopes and anxieties elsewhere in the country.

For most more or less underground papers, the equivalent of The Associated Press and United Press International is the five-year-old Liberation News Service, a New York-based collective that supplies not only highly selective national and international coverage but also a sense of communion. The most shared commodity among the counter-press is the twice-weekly LNS packet of news features, analyses, fillers, graphics, and a Radical Media Bulletin Board through which diversely dissident members of this nation's amorphous, not-so-New Left keep in touch. Each LNS packet consists, on the average, of twelve to sixteen 10-inch by fourteen-inch pages of two-column text and two to eight pages of photographs, drawings and cartoons at the back. Both text and graphics are so widely used that I have seldom picked up an underground paper anywhere in the country that lacks a sizable number of LNS credit-lines. The service is clearly filling a need for its particular readership—a thirst for information as well as for the spiritual sustenance that comes of reading that the movement is alive.

"If you see the *Times* every day," a member of the LNS collective told me, "you may not think that LNS is that much of a journalistic breakthrough, although we believe that the stories we do cover are more extensively reported than in the *Times* and we make more connections with other news developments than it does. But a lot of our

subscribers live in towns and cities that have nothing like the *Times*. Places where the paper puts nearly all the international news on one page, cuts up the wire services for skimpy national coverage, and adds some of the usual syndicated columnists. The only other source of news in town is the television station. So, for many of our readers, we provide that main access to the outside world."

**T**hese towns and cities are, indeed, information deserts (a factor in the politics of the nation that ought to be more deeply analyzed). And while most residents of Erie, Pennsylvania, let's say, can overcome this drought by subscribing to a range of national periodicals, that option is not exercised by most readers of the underground papers, in large part because they don't trust the straight press. So, if Laurence Leamer is anywhere near correct in his estimate that over 9,000,000 people get to read, if not necessarily buy, papers based on "radical-youth subculture and politics," LNS is indeed a considerable communications force. My only empirical basis of judgment, aside from the considerable number of heretical papers I regularly scan, is that when I speak at high schools and colleges in the fastnesses of America, I recognize the source of many of the questions I get as an LNS story I've recently read, too.

Although Liberation News Service now has more than 700 subscribers (of which about 400 are underground or alternative papers) at \$20 a month, it has chronically severe problems meeting its annual budget of nearly \$100,000. The high percentage of late-payers and partial payers is due, of course, to the impecuniousness of the underground press as a whole. LNS understands—its nine members themselves exist on \$35 a week when there's enough money—but it keeps on trying to exhort what it can through such recurring pleas for its own survival as this summer's insertion in the Radical Media Bulletin Board:



#### HELP US IN OUR HOUR OF NEED!

LNS is flat broke. We have to pay an \$800 phone bill tomorrow (all those collect calls about anti-war actions piled up). We'll make that, but there won't be any money for lunch or dinner tomorrow or salaries—and last week everybody got \$20 instead of \$35.

All in all we've got about \$2,000 worth of back bills to pay soon and worst of all, we're out of film for the copy camera and paper for the darkroom. That means no more graphics until we get the money to buy more.

Some, not enough, of the subscribers are solvent. There are thirty or so libraries, mostly university-affiliated but including the Library of Congress; and fifty college papers. (Members of these two categories are charged \$30 a month unless the college paper is an alternative one.) Also on the list are twenty radio stations and about one hundred organizations (ranging from such groups as Health-Pac and the North American Congress on Latin America to community centers and the Young Lords). Roughly a hundred packets go to foreign subscribers—newspapers and radical groups in Europe, Africa, Latin America and Asia. (How much spiritual sustenance LNS affords Third World readers is not known.) But not all of these, particularly the foreign subscribers, pay promptly, if at all. And there are cases—such as LNS's growing list of prison inmates, nearly fifty at this point—in which no fee is charged at all because there is absolutely no money at the other end.

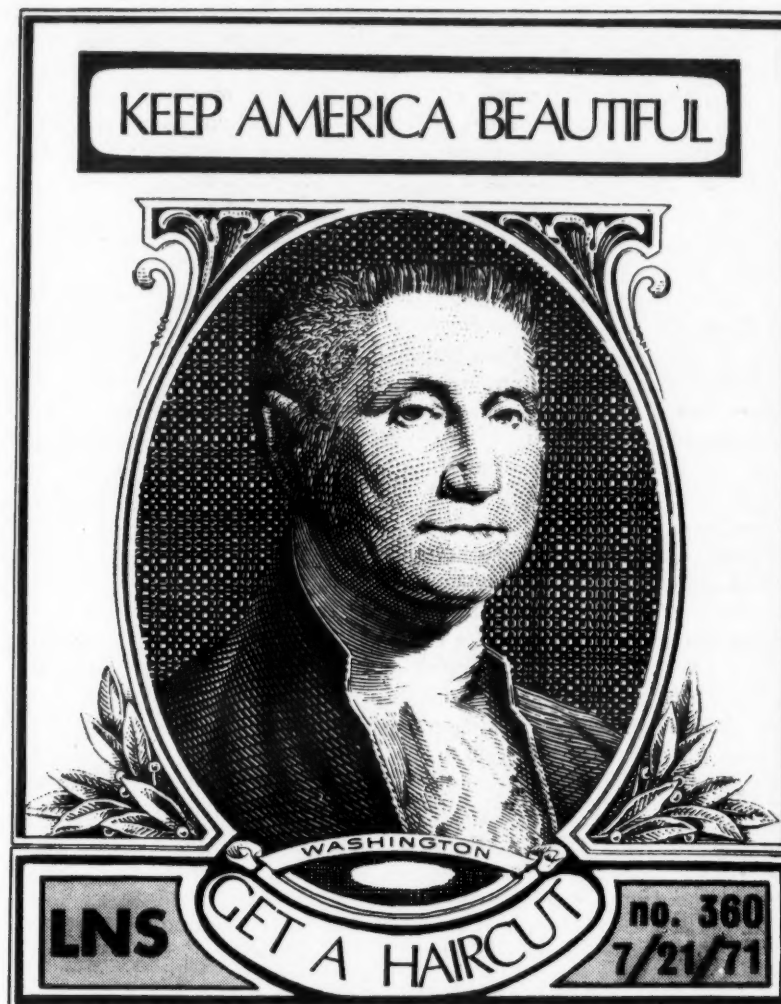
**T**his has been an especially difficult year for LNS financially because a previous source of support—several liberal denominations of the Protestant Church—has all but dried up. The peak of that aid was reached in 1970 when LNS received \$17,500 from church sources, primarily the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches. With that money the news service was able to send reporters to Africa and Latin America as well as to buy new machinery to improve the quality of its printing and graphics reproduction. In that same year, however, Sen. James Eastland's Senate Internal Security Subcommittee began an announced investigation of LNS by subpoenaing its bank records. That news was picked up by conservative newsletters and columnists with resultant pressure on church officials from furious parishioners to stop funding revolutionaries, paper ones though they were. Church support fell off to \$6,000 in 1971 and to only \$3,500 this year.

Senator Eastland has not been heard from since the subpoena and there has been scant other governmental pressure on LNS. Agents of the FBI do occasionally contact a staff member for a chat, but they are not accommodated; and Jack Anderson claims that copies of Secret Service files he has obtained indicate that agency keeps LNS under observation because it has been "highly critical of Pres & Administration." Although staff members assume the phones are tapped, no one in the collective appears much concerned with the possibility of government intimidation—"Of course," says one, "if Nixon is re-elected..." In any case LNS takes care to do everything by the book. "We pay our taxes; our books are in order. In fact, we even have a bookkeeper. Our real hassle isn't the government; it's money."

But somehow, at least so far, LNS survives. A key reason for its resiliency, it seems to me, is that its current staff members are able to focus all their energies on their work—and on intermittent attempts at fundraising—rather than having also to cope with the fierce internal warfare which characterized LNS's initial years. Founded in 1967 by Ray Mungo and the late Marshall Bloom, who had been radical editors of their respective college papers (at Boston University and Amherst), LNS was soon split between those within it who truly believed "the Revolution" would come through counter-cultural transformation of society and those who, as they say in the movement, were political "heavies." (There were some who also had to fight this battle inside themselves.) By 1968, LNS had physically split in two, with the less politically-focused unit putting out its own packets from Vermont until it dissolved in February, 1969. The combats of that period have been variously and controversially chronicled but are irrelevant to the present nature of LNS since none of the present staff was working at the news service during that civil war.\*

There was a period, when the New York survivors of the 1968 split were still running the service, during which I stopped paying much attention to LNS. It was the rhetoric rather than the political orientation, simplistic though the latter was, that turned me off. Advocacy journalism is

\* For those interested, accounts of the strife can be found in *The Paper Revolutionaries* (Simon & Schuster) and Raymond Mungo's *Famous Long Ago: My Life and Hard Times With the Liberation News Service* (Beacon Press and Pocket Books).



one thing; persistently overbearing attempts to turn a news service into a new Holy Writ is quite another. But the tone began to change as the present staff started to become involved; and during the past year in particular LNS has recognized the existence of complexity in reporting and analyzing news. Shrill indictments of the evils of capitalism, for instance, are far less instructive than excerpting from the *Congressional Record*—as LNS did in July of this year—an exploration by Sen. Lee Metcalf of how stock-voting power is exercised in key interlocking corporations. There has been a similarly detailed examination by LNS staff writers, of the growing use of cheap labor outside the country by huge American electronic firms as well as a useful introduction to the political economy of what full-page oil-company ads in the newspapers refer to as the "energy crisis."

LNS's viewpoint remains radical; and if an LNS reporter is covering a demonstration with which he agrees, he's likely to join it. But the ambience now, though LNS would probably object to the term, is more professional. They are still devoted advocacy journalists. ("We are interested in making people who read LNS material anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist, anti-racist, anti-sexist and further look toward places like Cuba and China for ideas and lessons about how to shape a new society.") But they are not dishonest journalists. ("We believe in accuracy, we do not believe in lying—which in the end cannot be to our advantage.")

There is no hidden agenda in the packets. Knowing LNS's predilections—which are explicitly stated—the reader can make his own judgments accordingly. As a civil libertarian, for example, I'm not sure how many useful lessons I can learn from Cuba and China "about how to shape a new society;" but at least LNS isn't trying to cozen me into the belief that it is engaging in "objective" reporting. And it does provide information, with continually diminishing rhetoric, about certain news areas that much of the straight press covers superficially and/or late. News of the Tiger Cages in the South Vietnam sector of "the free world" appeared in an LNS packet months before two straying Congressmen stumbled on those "reeducation centers," as American advisory officials used to call them. The ubiquitous influence in San Diego of stalwart Nixon backer C. Arnholt Smith was detailed by LNS six months before Jack Anderson focused on him in the wake of Anderson's disclosure of ITT's role as a convention-site broker. There has been revealing reporting from North Vietnam (the dynamics of a classroom in an agricultural school); Quebec (probing the symbiosis of separatism and acute labor unrest); Tanzania (Nyerere's indigenous African socialism became specific in a detailed account of an experimental village); and Northern Ireland (pieces of people's lives almost up to the level of Gloria Emerson's *New York Times* reporting, and given much more space). LNS readers, moreover, will be less surprised at the ferocity of forthcoming Latin American political



explosions than those Americans who learn of our riven neighbors primarily from their daily papers and television.

Domestically much of LNS's emphasis, predictably, is on coverage of streams and sources of dissent—women's and gay liberation thrusts and divisions; prison inmates speaking with great persuasiveness for themselves; the perennial rounds of anti-war activities; consumer groups rising up angry and informed; the trials and tactics of pre-"new ethnic" minorities; and the continual incursions by local and Federal government into the Bill of Rights. Most impressive to this reader has been LNS's reporting on labor—a beat largely neglected in recent years by even the best of the overgrounds. (The *Times*, for instance, no longer has anyone nearly as indefatigable and knowledgeable—if bloodless—as A. H. Raskin before he moved on high. And most other papers also cover labor scatteringly, much in the same disorganized way in which they deal with education and the courts.)

I learned more from LNS about why the workers at General Motors' Lordstown, Ohio, plant—the most modern in the world—were spurred to rebellion than I did from any daily source. Paragraph after paragraph of fundamental workers' complaints reminded me (a shop steward in another field long, long ago) that the conditions of life on the assembly line are as remote to those not on that line as the daily life of a welfare mother is to a Lordstown worker ("One guy got his finger caught under a plastic cover he was snapping on to the dashboard. They stopped the line rather than make the guy follow the car along. They sent for a nurse and she tried to get the finger out, but it was pretty hard and taking up time. Finally a foreman yelled, 'Get that finger out of there!! So the nurse just yanked. Left half the finger.") The reporting from Lordstown is also indicative of LNS's growing understanding that if you approach a story with an ideological scenario set firmly in mind, you might as well have stayed home. "The workers who went out on strike," a member of the LNS collective told me, "were not revolutionaries who just happened to be working at a GM plant—waiting for somebody to lead them to power. And so we reported what they knew, what they had to say." And also, it should be noted, LNS went on to make the connections between the traumatically speeded up Lordstown assembly line for the new Vega model and GM's strategies for beating back foreign imports. (Cost-efficiency at human expense.) A further linkage was made between the effect on job security of auto workers if that strategy fails and GM joins Ford in moving more of its operations to foreign countries. ("Ford's Pinto—the Vega's big competition—for instance, has an engine from German Ford Capri, carburetors from the English Ford Cortina, Anglo-German transmissions and a steering gear from the European Ford Escort.")

In a follow-up story, "The American Worker and the Multinational Corporation," LNS made additional connections between the Lordstown situation and the accelerating pressures on American workers in other industries. ("Transitron Electronics Corp. of Boston was able to discourage union organizing for many years by claiming it would leave the country if the union got into their plants. When the union perished, Transitron built a factory in Mexico to protect its sagging profit margin. With the Mexican plant in operation, paying 50c an hour wages, the company has closed down its two factories in the Boston area—laying off 1,700 workers." That's considerably more informative to readers than threading "Amerika" throughout formula denunciations of "the system"—a hallmark of much early "reporting" in the underground press.

**A**nother part of the labor beat, as interpreted by LNS (and by not nearly enough other papers), is frequent coverage of safety conditions on the job. The following appeared in the August 30 packet:

BROOKPARK, Ohio (LNS)—Jesse Crowder never got to see the reports of Ford Motor Company's record-setting profits for April, May and June of 1972. Ford executives boasted earnings of \$282.8 million, up 43 per cent from the same period last year.

But he might not have cared, either.

Jesse Crowder, 29, fell to his death through the foundry roof at Ford's engine plant on May 30, 1972. He was the fourth worker killed at the engine plant during the first half of 1972.

According to the US Occupation Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), "The employer failed to furnish employees on cupola No. 7 on May 30, 1972, a place of employment free from recognized hazards that were likely to cause death or serious physical harm to its employees in that it failed to provide a work platform and means of egress which were safe and adequate."



OSHA holds Ford directly responsible for three of the four deaths.

Ford was fined \$200 by the government because of Jesse Crowder's death.

The story of the short, unprotected life of Jesse Crowder was picked up by LNS from the Cambridge, Mass., Community Press Service and *Modern Times* (an Ohio labor-oriented community paper). LNS supplements its staff reporting and the work of correspondents—in Paris, Montreal, Belfast, and Berkeley—with such other information sources as: North American Congress on Latin America; Dispatch News Service; Middle East Research and Information Project; Pacific News Service; Indochina Resource Center; the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars; the National Council of Churches' Corporate Information Center; Brain Mistrust (an Ann Arbor group engaged in corporate research); the Cambridge-based Union of Radical Political Economists; the Southern Conference Education Fund; and the American Committee on Africa. LNS also gets news help from some of its subscribers. Underground papers, when they remember, send copies of their issues to New York where the staff will occasionally choose a particularly useful story to put into an LNS packet.

LNS's base of operations is a cluster of offices and a print shop in the basement (once a Chinese restaurant) of an aging apartment house in the Columbia University area of Manhattan's Upper West Side—on the edge of Harlem. The collective of nine consists of six women and three men, a deliberately set ratio. \* "For the past two years," LNS explained recently in the Radical Media Bulletin board, "we've had the policy of keeping the LNS staff as close to a two-thirds majority of women as possible. It was one of several ways to combat male domination within the collective, plus it gives more women the chance to learn skills that they would have trouble learning in the all too frequent atmosphere of a male majority." As they further describe themselves, "Our ages range from 17 to 25 and we have a couple of college grads, lots of college drop-outs (because it didn't make sense to stay), and a couple of high school drop outs." Four are from the New York metropolitan area; the rest from different parts of the country.

"Most of us," one of them told me, "come out some kind of student organizing experience, like SDS. No one on the present staff had any background in journalism, except for writing for the school paper. So we've all learned on the job, and there's a lot of mixing of skills. The printers write some of the stuff, and people in the editorial department have worked at printing. The graphics people write, too—one of them does a lot on Indo-China. None of us thinks of himself or herself first as a journalist or a printer or a specialist in graphics. We're all part of LNS; we really do think of ourselves as a collective. Having developed a strong feeling of teamwork, we—unlike some of the earlier writers for LNS—have

\* The "Table of Malcontents" on page two of the LNS packet lists the staff as: Collective—Anne Dockery, Beryl Epstein, Howie Epstein, Cidne Hart, Rozy Melnicoff, Sandy Shea, Mike Shuster, Jessica Siegel and Ron Sirak; Comrades: Pierce Nylund, Laurie Lewis and Safra Epstein.



less ego involvement in getting our names in the paper. It's not that people here don't have a sense of their own work, but we talk out whatever problems come up in a piece together."

Most of the present staff would like to move on—out of journalism and into some kind of movement work, preferable based in a particular community. "After two or three years here," one said, "there's a need to go out and *do* something, not just relate to a piece of paper. We'd like to pass LNS on. But finding replacements have been a problem. A lot of people who come haven't wanted to work as many hours as they'd have to. It requires a commitment of a lot of hard work for two or three years. We've had people stay a couple of weeks, find they can't hack it, and split. Others have come with a kind of romantic misconception of who we are, of what LNS is. They seem to expect to find some kind of leader types. But there are no heavies on the present staff. Nobody considers himself a political ideologue. And to the surprise of some others, we're not very hip. Actually, we consider ourselves rather square. There's not a lot of experimentation with drugs here; we just work a lot."

In September, LNS, as it occasionally does, advertised for recruits—women only—in the Radical Media Bulletin Board. The emphasis is on women because "it's hard to find women to work at LNS. Usually we get a call or two and a couple of letters a week from men who are interested, but hardly any women. We've hypothesized from our own experiences in getting involved with LNS that women are by and large more hesitant to come by because they don't have the confidence. They figure that they don't have any skills to offer, or that we're looking for 'really experienced movement people,' or whatever."

"We all live together," the recruitment call continues, "in several apartments nearby the office...Our salary is small—\$35 a week. We all manage to pay the rent, eat well (most of the week we eat collectively so that very little of the \$35 is used for food), go to the movies, and when we can find the time, travel around the northeast. We have lots of cats and a great 21-month-old baby girl named Safra that we all help take care of. She gives us all a chance to play." (Anyone sufficiently intrigued to want more information—there's no pension plan—can contact LNS, 160 Claremont Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10027).

Meanwhile the work goes on. "There's much more we'd like to do," a woman on the staff says. "Like hard-nosed muckraking. But with



only nine people, we can barely keep on with what we do now. And we're still working on getting rid of the rhetoric and putting in facts to explain things. People are tired of rhetoric. They want *real* information. In the past, we—I mean our kind of journalists—have not dealt enough with reality, especially with reality in the United States. The movement press has made it all seem to easy to change things, and by doing that, it has misled people into not being able to make change because they didn't know enough. There's a lot more understanding to be done before our political analysis becomes complex enough to begin to lead to change. And that's where LNS is going—if we can stay alive."

## La Participation

BY SHELLEY M. FISHER

Editor's note: In recent years a small but increasing number of American journalists have rejected the accepted tradition that all decision-making power at a publication or broadcast station rests solely with ownership and have begun to push for "democracy in the newsroom." Because no strong socialist tradition exists in the U.S., these journalists have had to look to Europe for their models. This summer, Shelley M. Fisher, a free-lance writer and executive secretary of the Poynter Fellowships in Journalism at Yale University, visited France, Germany and England to assess the European experience for [MORE]. Following is her report:

Competition is rough on magazines in West Germany. Three years ago, *Konkret*, a small bi-weekly specializing in liberal-left analysis of news and culture, began inserting a few nudes in every issue to stay alive. But last year, as he watched other publications die all around him, *Konkret's* owner Klaus Rainer Rohl realized that cheesecake alone would not insure survival. He would have to attract top journalists as well. This was quite a task, since it required that he lure them from other publications with only the offer of a salary cut. How could *Konkret*, with its miniscule profits and circulation of 125,000, compete with giants like *Der Spiegel* and *Stern*? Finally Rohl hit on the solution. He added something German journalists had never had, and probably could not get from the giants for at least ten years: full democratic control of the publication. Today *Konkret* is alive and well, with circulation up 21 per cent.

Whether you call it *la participation*, *Mitbestimmung*, or democracy in the newsroom, what's at stake is some form of guaranteed participation for journalists in the media's power structure. Unlike at *Konkret*, the impetus for this participation usually comes from the staff and not the owner. The movement for democratization is usually sparked by a specific crisis involving a change (or threat of change) in editor, owner, structure or style. There is a certain logic of injustice invoked by the staff

in each of these crises: as the journalists are largely responsible for the publication's reputation, how can they not be consulted on major changes affecting its fate? And there is also a high value placed by these professional communicators on guarantees that lines of communication within their own profession be kept open. But throughout the Continent, journalists do not interpret "participation" as a means of infusing democracy into the daily life of the paper; in fact, most are directly opposed to such an idea. Rather, participation is viewed as a means of guaranteeing that a principle important to the journalists will be upheld. And this principle is often intimately connected with the history of the country in which it is invoked.

In France, it involves a view of the press as a "public information service" which must be kept free from the control of "monied interests" — an idea which grew out of the World War II Resistance. It was the Resistance, in fact, which gave birth to *Le Monde*, the first European paper to establish *la participation*. *Le Monde* is a product of the post-war government's policy of confiscating the property of the collaborationist press and giving it free to groups of journalists who had belonged to the Resistance. Born in 1944 as a limited liability company based on the small expropriated assets of *Le Temps*, *Le Monde* was managed by a group of nine associates chosen mainly by the government for the moral qualities they could offer as sponsors of a great and independent paper. M. Hubert Beuve-Mery, distinguished for his journalistic achievements, was chosen to direct the enterprise. In 1951 a harsh policy disagreement with two associates forced him to resign. His fellow partners decided to form a board of management whose chairman would be a deputy of the *Mouvement Republicain Populaire*. It was at this point that the editorial staff rebelled. The newly-created Society of Journalists invoked the ideals of the Liberation and the rights of joint ownership and participation planned and promised by a draft press law; they claimed that their responsibility for preserving a free and effective "public information service" gave them the right to a say in decisions affecting the independence and future of the company.



Under the threat of a mass staff walk-out, the Associates agreed to give a "Non-Profit Corporation of Journalists" made up of all the journalists of *Le Monde* 28 per cent of the stock of the paper. Since all major decisions in French limited liability companies require a three-fourths majority, the journalists now had the right of veto over important decisions (raising of capital, changes in the company's structure, nomination of a new managing director), and the power to retain Beuve-Mery as managing director. The managing director (who must be a journalist) has full authority to hire, fire, set editorial policy and salaries, but can be dismissed on demand of the Society of Journalists. The beneficial interest in the shares is allotted on the basis of seniority, and is bought back from staff members when they leave *Le Monde*.

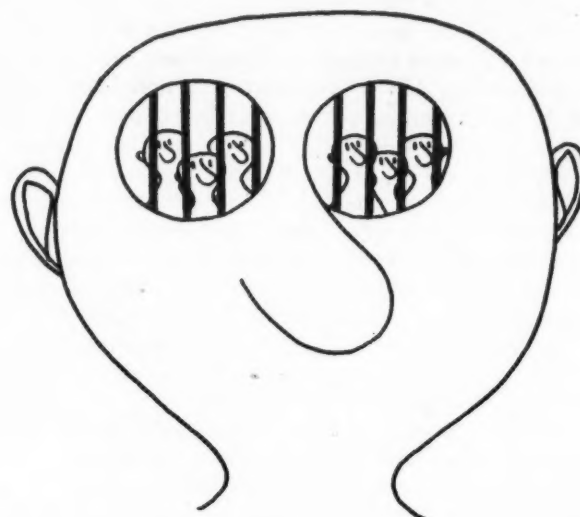
In 1968, this participation was enlarged, because the staff wanted *Le Monde* to remain the "non-capitalist society which was launched at the Liberation, even after the departure of its founders." The capital was redistributed as follows: Corporation of Journalists, 40 per cent; Corporation of Executive Staff, 5 per cent; Corporation of General Staff, 4 per cent; Founding and co-opted Associate Members, 40 per cent; Directors, 11 per cent. Under this revised distribution, the editorial staff acquired a majority in the company. Thus the staff hoped to discourage any person or financial group from acquiring *Le Monde* for reasons of power or monetary gain. The 1968 agreements also created two new bodies: 1) a Supervisory Council composed of representatives of journalists groups on the paper, whose main task is to review the paper's finances and be consulted on important financial decisions, and 2) an Editorial Staff Committee composed of senior executives of the editorial staff and the administrative council of the journalists' corporation. This committee meets every two months, is a purely consultative body, and may discuss all questions affecting journalists.

What does *Le Monde*'s shared-management plan mean to the journalists involved? On paper, a great deal; in practice, perhaps not all that much. The staff's majority of stock represents formidable power in time of crisis. But crises are not so frequent, and the democratization has little effect on the life of the average journalist at *Le Monde*. "They thought that with this system they would have a democratization of the enterprise," says Jean Schwoebel, who has been president of the Society of Journalists at *Le Monde* for all 21 years of its existence. "As they have gotten only the upper democratization, but not democratization in daily life, they are disappointed." A number of journalists would like to be consulted on matters of promotion, travel, assignments, etc., but, Schwoebel notes, they have not been willing to work for such an extension of their rights. The journalists' rights in day-to-day affairs consist mainly in their being allowed to raise questions, every two months, at the Editorial Staff Committee meeting, and being allowed to review the paper's financial transactions. On the positive side, basic questions about the quality and content of the paper, its organizational structures, and the staff's working conditions have been explored at these meetings. The Supervisory Committee is planning an investigation of advertising at *Le Monde*, and plans to stimulate more discussion about the "ways in which it might better be controlled by the spirit of the newspaper."

**The journalists' rights in day-to-day affairs consist mainly in their being allowed to raise questions, every two months, at the Editorial Staff Committee meeting, and being allowed to review the paper's financial transactions.**

But in general, the paper's managers operate much more autonomously than the founders of the shared-management plan had hoped, and it is difficult to obtain real implementation of the clauses that exist on paper. If the management wants to exclude the Supervisory Council from consultation on a particular financial decision, it has only to claim that the decision is "just a daily question" or "not really important." Similarly, says Schwoebel, with regard to the Editorial Staff Committee, "When we are consulted, very often, the decision has already been made." The editorial managers have difficulty accepting discussion on equal grounds with the general staff, and the staff is sometimes hesitant to raise significant questions. Internal disagreement about the aims and functions of the shared-management plan also poses a serious problem. Some staff members want to use their rights of ownership to project a new vision of industrial organization. Others are content with the chance to review the books once a year. Some want to check the company's commercial expansion, while others are anxious to maximize profits.

Yet despite his disappointment in the limited areas to which democratization has been extended, Schwoebel points out that if the



LE JOURNALISTE DU FIGARO VEUT DISPOSER DE  
LA LIBERTÉ DE REGARD SUR L'INFORMATION

authorities want to exercise their authority as before, they know they can't go too far, for they know there will be a reaction, and a reaction which will be sustained by juridical force." Perhaps the Society of Journalists' greatest success lies in the inspiration and example it has provided for other newspapers and magazines in France and throughout Europe — sometimes in unexpected places.

Few Frenchmen might ever have expected to find the staff of the staid and solid *Figaro* out on strike, but in May of 1968 two banners hung from the familiar wrought-iron balconies of the paper's imposing building on *Rond-Pont des Champs Elysees*. They read: "*La Redaction En Greve—Defend L'Independance de la Presse*." The crisis had its roots in *Le Figaro*'s particular history, rather than in the temper of the times in France. It was to preserve the guaranteed separation of ownership and editorial management that the staff of France's oldest daily went on strike. As at *Le Monde*, the crisis at *Le Figaro* was precipitated by the departure of a dynamic director. In 1964, Pierre Brisson, the man virtually responsible for the paper's existence for the past 30 years, died. What's more, the structural organization framed by Brisson that had cemented the paper together since 1950 was due to expire shortly. And since it guaranteed journalists total autonomy over editorial matters, the recreation of a similar plan was the journalists' prime concern. In 1965, the Society of Journalists formed in preparation for the approaching crisis.

The death of Brisson in 1964 had coincided with a new redistribution of capital that left nearly all of it in the hands of Jean Prouvost and Ferdinand Beghin. In Prouvost's view, the gap left by Brisson's death was enough to justify his own assumption of total control over the direction of the paper. The journalists vigorously opposed the substitution of a formula where the owners would have the last word in decisions of key importance to the journalists — especially in the designation of the *President-Directeur-General* and the principal executives. The staff at *Le Figaro* (as well as journalists in other parts of France), also was concerned about the threat to freedom of expression posed by a greater concentration of the press in the hands of a few owners. As the *Groupe Prouvost* already controlled *Paris-Match*, *Marie-Claire*, *Week-end*, *Parents*, *Ambre* and half of *Tele-7 Jours*, the journalists of *Le Figaro* were determined not to allow it to concentrate its power any further. (This issue surfaced this year at *Paris-Normandie*, where journalists feared that the Hersant family, which already owned papers at Havre, Lille, Poitier, Rodez, Bourges and L'Orient, would gain control of their paper. Here another moral issue was also involved: The people whose shares in the paper Hersant wished to acquire had been given the shares free at the Liberation for having taken part in the Resistance.)

The staff at *Le Figaro* wanted to create a new Board of Management with the same autonomy and power as the board created by Brisson in 1950. They wanted the representatives of the Society of Journalists in the Board of Management's administrative council to have veto power over important decisions. Instead, the proprietors offered them a Board in which journalists would have considerably less than a veto. It was this inadequate offer which set off the strike. "Surely freedom of the press exists," the strikers wrote, "but journalists are becoming more and more



conscious that this freedom is often freedom for the proprietors and not always for the journalists."

The strike, which lasted 15 days, was supported by a number of other newspapers in France and other countries, including the *Times* in London. The accord eventually reached guaranteed that the President of the Directory, which will run the editorial side of the paper, will always be a journalist. The president is charged with guaranteeing editorial independence, deciding on the paper's political and intellectual line and hiring and firing the staff. The Directory is composed of five members, three nominated by the proprietors, and two by the journalists. The second journalist will be vice president, and representatives of the general staff of journalists have veto power over all nominees to the Directory.

For the average journalist at *Le Figaro*, the strike guaranteed that he would personally have some choice in determining the paper's Director, and the journalists would have the upper hand in editorial matters. On the more day-to-day level, the strike won him the right to raise questions with the management on a broad range of editorial matters. A journalist attending the monthly meeting of June 21, for example, would have been able to take part in a discussion of the research on a particular story, and the possibility of starting a new supplement to the paper. He would have also been able to brainstorm on ways of improving the archive system, and how the staff might be better equipped to receive visitors. In the opinion of Denis Perier-Daville, president of the Society of Journalists at *Le Figaro*, this committee has sparked a fruitful dialogue among the staff.

By the time the *Federation Francaise des Societes des Journalistes* was founded in 1967 by Schwoebel, there were seventeen such societies in existence in France. Today they number 32, and include dailies and weeklies throughout the country. On each of these publications, membership in the Society of Journalists is purely voluntary. While in many cases the majority of the publication's staff belongs, there are usually those on the right who don't want to interfere with the sacred right of capital, and those on the left who don't want to dirty their hands by association with the forces of capital. Several of the 32 *Societies* are very weak, and many exist virtually in name only. But current moves toward alliance with the journalists' unions portend a stronger and brighter future. Perier-Daville, who is both president of the Society of Journalists at *Le Figaro* and president of the National Union of Journalists, notes that at the beginning, the unions were suspicious of the new *Societies* and feared their competition. Schwoebel agrees, tracing the resentment in part to the quick success the *Societies* were having, and in part to the ways in which they highlighted past blind spots of the union. Having fought for 40 years for only bread and butter issues, says Schwoebel, the unions felt that the new *Societies*, which concerned themselves only with questions of professional dignity, autonomy and freedom, "took the noble aspect of the profession and left them only the material." But by now, all unions but the Communist Party-dominated C.J.T. have given their full support. This month, for the first time, representatives of the unions and of the *Federation Francaise des Societes des Journalistes* will come together to frame a joint plan of action. The goal of the gathering might be the proposal of a national press law recognizing a number of specific rights of French journalists — including their right to participate in the administrative councils of their papers.

In Germany, the principle journalists most often invoke in their movement for democratization, involves the right of German workers, recognized by law, to a voice in decisions affecting their working lives—especially personnel decisions. First sanctioned in the Constitution of 1849, the idea of *Mitbestimmung*, or "codetermination," was over a hundred years old when the journalists at *Stern* proposed their own version of it in 1969. The fight at *Stern* was to attain a special "Journalists' Statute" whose guarantees went well beyond the "Works Constitution Act" from which all workers benefitted. Its success served as an inspiration to media all over Germany.

Journalists at *Stern* were outraged in 1969 when it looked as if *Stern* was about to be sold by its publisher, Gruner und Jahr, to a company with a penchant for publishing sex magazines. The staff felt the sale would destroy *Stern*. Presented with the probable appointment of a new editor-in-chief whom they felt would be incapable of guaranteeing the magazine's independence, they demanded a voice in key decisions about a magazine whose reputation they had largely made, and refused to be "sold like cattle." The threat posed by a possible strike and consequent loss of advertising was enough to move Gruner und Jahr to sign the first German "Journalists' Statute." The agreement, signed amidst clinking glasses of champagne, stipulated that the editorial staff's interests would be represented by an Advisory Council elected annually by the staff. The Council must be informed by the publisher of any proposed changes in ownership or distribution of capital, and of any cuts in the magazine's editorial budget. While

the publisher appoints the editor-in-chief (who is responsible for insuring the magazine's independence and for appointing deputy editors, sub-editors and department heads), his appointment may be vetoed by a two-thirds majority of the Advisory Council. The council may also veto appointments of other editors and department heads under certain conditions and the "statute" also guarantees that no staff member will be required to write or do anything contrary to his own convictions.

As in France, the achievement of "upper democratization" has had little affect on the daily life at *Stern*. Several staff members note simply that the relationship between the staff and the editor-in-chief has grown somewhat more communicative and less hierarchical. In light of the precedents for "co-determination" in other German industries, the *Stern* "Statute" may seem rather innocuous. But, as one *Stern* correspondent sums up, "In 1969, as we were the first magazine in Germany to actually achieve a say in running matters of editorial management, this was quite an important thing." Moreover, the *Stern* "statute" did serve to break the ice in Germany, and similar agreements soon followed at eight other publications throughout the country. The movement is also beginning to be picked up in German radio and television. Both of the unions to which journalists belong (the German Journalists Union and the larger "Printing and Paper" union) agree on the desirability of "journalists' statutes" and are negotiating for them with publishers of a number of other dailies and weeklies. Even the Federal government has endorsed the idea of "journalists' statutes" in principle, and is considering the possibility of issuing national press law guidelines suggesting that "statutes" be compulsory.

**Many young journalists in this movement had come to the magazine from the Free University in Berlin and had been deeply involved in the student movement. They proposed two or three possible statutes. Augstein turned all of them down, and the movement died at *Der Spiegel***

At the newsmagazine, *Der Spiegel*, a statute has yet to be achieved. But two-and-a-half years ago, publisher Rudolph Augstein stunned his employees by announcing that as of January 1, 1973, they would own 50 per cent of the company's capital. The workers' company will include every employee of the magazine — journalists, drivers, advertising staff, secretaries, kitchen workers, etc. Shares will probably be apportioned on the basis of such factors as salaries or seniority. Employees will have two voting representatives on *Der Spiegel's* Board of Directors. Augstein, who retains 25 per cent of the company, will have one, and Gruner (of Gruner und Jahr), who already owns 25 per cent will also have one. The Board chooses the magazine's editor-in-chief and the directors of the company's administrative staff. It also reviews the budget and discusses all big investments.

Some feel that Augstein's motives were basically idealistic, and that his acts stemmed from his desire to put his progressive principles into practice. In his own presentation of his plan to the staff, Augstein, a former journalist himself, spoke largely in terms of the retirement benefits he was anxious to obtain for employees who had worked for the magazine for two or three decades. A staff member close to him said the gift was made because Augstein was convinced that "in the future a balance will have to be struck on an equal basis between capital and labor." Others more skeptical suggest that he might have been partially motivated by competition with publishing magnate Axel Springer, who introduced a pension fund plan for all Springer publishing employees at about the same time. Still others raise the possibility that Augstein's actions may have been taken with an eye towards being elected on the Free Democratic Party ticket this fall.

Some of *Der Spiegel's* employees feel that the primary reason for Augstein's largesse was their movement in the late 1960's to give journalists veto power over the firing of every journalist and the hiring of department heads and the editor-in-chief. Many young journalists in this movement had come to the magazine from the Free University in Berlin and had been deeply involved in the student movement. They proposed two or three possible statutes. Augstein turned all of them down. "They would have meant, of course, less power for him," notes one staff member, "and less power for the hierarchy of *Der Spiegel*." At least three factors contributed to the death of the journalists' movement: the steadfastness of Augstein's position, the announcement of his own new shared-ownership plan, and the "dismissal" from the staff, in one way or another, of five top journalists who had been prominent leaders in the movement.



With the possibilities for an employees' statute dead for the time being, no one at *Der Spiegel* seems quite sure what to expect. "I think up to now there has been great uncertainty about what is going to happen after this [shared ownership] is institutionalized," says foreign editor Lutz Bindernagel. "Nobody knows what it really means, and many of my colleagues have been still rather skeptical about the possibility of participating in decisions . . . They would like to have a statute on the rights of the editorial office." Adds Herman Gremlitz, one of the five editors who left *Der Spiegel*: "I don't like this participation but it's still better than nothing. At least they have the power to do a few things, to choose the editor-in-chief, together with the owners, to prevent somebody they hate from becoming their boss . . . They can also take part in company decisions like making a new paper, or getting sold to Springer, or something like that . . . and that's something more than practically all the journalists at other papers do have . . ."

**T**he most radical European experiment in newsroom democracy exists at *Konkret*, a magazine with a current circulation of 160,000, whose readership consists largely of students and intellectuals. The 17-year-old magazine now operates under a constitution framed at the beginning of this year by owner Klaus Rainer Rohl together with Peter Neuhäuser, a veteran of the democratization movement at *Stern*, and Gremlitz, who joined the magazine after he left *Der Spiegel*. *Konkret* has no editor-in-chief. Two *produktionsleiter* head the magazine in theory, but their decision on any question may be overruled by a two-thirds majority of the staff. Says Gremlitz, "I don't know of any paper in the so-called free world that has democratization like this." One member of the *produktionsleitung* is Rohl (who owns 70 per cent of the magazine), and the other is Gremlitz, who was elected to the position by the staff. Ordinarily, the two make day-to-day and general policy decisions. Neither may act inde-

pendently of the other, and if there is a deadlock, or if the staff disagrees with a particular decision, the question is decided by a two-thirds majority of the general staff. Thus the staff has the power, if it chooses to use it, to decide everything. They may even vote on the appropriateness of a particular headline slated to appear on the magazine's cover.

The small size of *Konkret's* staff (only 11 in the office) makes the magazine's democratic structure feasible. Gremlitz feels, however, that a staff of 40 would allow the system to work even better. Whatever the number, there are inevitably difficulties. One stems from the fact that all staff members of the magazine have equal votes, regardless of their particular areas of skill or expertise. This sometimes creates a situation where someone primarily knowledgeable about layout will have considerable influence over a sophisticated political decision. Whatever the drawbacks, the staff is among the happiest in Germany. Says Gremlitz, "People who are working here have fun in what they're doing."

In recent years, the movements spawned in France and Germany have begun to spread elsewhere in Western Europe. With equally mixed results. In England, for example, the Free Communications Group has campaigned for a democratization of Fleet Street, with almost no success. In Italy, on the other hand, journalists at *Corriere della Sera*, the nation's largest daily, have recently won the right to be consulted about changes in management. In Belgium, journalists at *La Libre Belgique* proved, moreover, that the movement need not always come from the left. When the editor-in-chief died a few months ago, the right-wing journalists at this conservative paper took control to insure that the paper's political orientation went unaltered.

Clearly, the movement toward democratization shows no sign of abating in Europe. Progress is slow, of course, and, as Jean Schwoebel observes, "for those who are in a hurry it's discouraging. But, in fact, as I have seen in 20 years, it is every year improving. And the ground which we may now consider behind us is quite important. Of course, we are very far from our aims. But it is like that in life."

## Parental Guidance

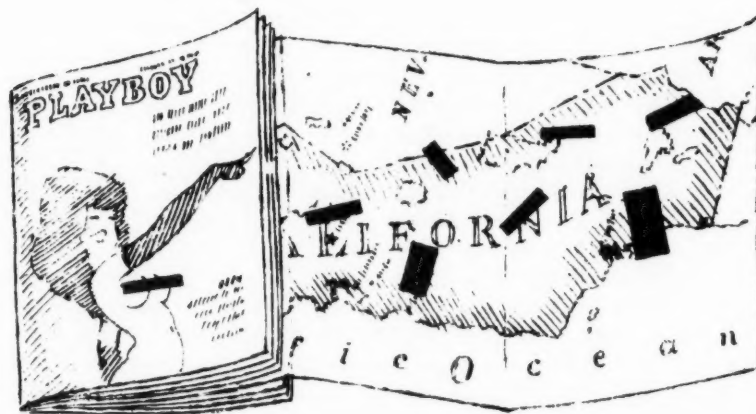
BY LEE SMITH

When Californians go to the polls November 7, they not only will be asked to vote for President, Vice President and a host of local offices, but they will be faced with a long ballot of referendum questions. Several of them deal with such volatile and immediately compelling issues as altering the state's tax structure, liberalizing the marijuana laws and restoring the death penalty. But tucked away in the middle of the 35-question ballot is what may be the sleeper of the year, an item called Proposition 18 that has created increasing consternation among the relatively few editors and publishers who know about it. And, indeed, if California voters approve the question it could go along way toward restricting journalism, chasing literature out of the state and seriously curtailing the movie industry.

Proposition 18 is obscenity legislation, an intricate and repetitive measure, about 6,000 words along, that few Californians are ever going to find time to read, let alone understand. But the issue is critical. At present, the California penal code conforms to the decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court, which means that before a work can be found obscene it must be put to three tests:

- Does it, taken as a whole, appeal to prurient interests?
- Does it go beyond contemporary standards for candor?
- Is it utterly without redeeming social importance?

In order to be considered obscene, the court has said, a work has to draw a "yes" answer to all three of those questions. A "no" answer to any one of them means the work is not legally obscene. Proposition 18 would amend the California code so that, for a start, the third test would be eliminated. No longer would a work be allowed simply because it had at least a modicum of social value. But much more far-reaching than that, the initiative would impose a new, geographical definition, on "contemporary standards." No longer would the contemporary standards mean a consensus of reasonable but open-minded legal, literary and scholarly opinion. The standards would be those of the local community. Thus, any book, movie, play, magazine, record or newspaper more candid than, say, the local paper in Modesto might be banned in Modesto. Moreover, the initiative would make it a public nuisance to sell or exhibit a picture revealing male or female genitals in a public place "within one mile measured in a straight line of any building used as a private or public elementary or high school or of any public park." Under that rule, such movies as "The Last Picture Show" in all likelihood could not be viewed in a single city or town in the state.



One of the most threatening aspects of Proposition 18 is that anyone, not just a policeman or a district attorney, could begin an action against a work, opening up endless opportunities not simply for moral crusades but for political mischief and economic sabotage as well. *Playboy*, *Cosmopolitan* and dozens of other publications could be hounded off the stands. Even general and news magazines could find themselves in serious trouble. Consider, for example, how a statewide organization that opposed *Time's* political views might harass the magazine. *Time's* cover story August 21 on "Sex and The Teenager" opened with a quote from a 18-year-old who said, "Girls can score just as many times as boys if they want to." Under Proposition 18 the word "score" in that context would constitute an obscenity and in community after community cranks could demand that all newsstand, supermarket and other publicly displayed copies of *Time* be seized. Before the issue could be released, the supermarket manager or the distributor or *Time* itself would have to go to court to demonstrate that the article taken as a whole did not appeal primarily to prurient interests. Failure to convince the court could result in a fine of not more than \$2,000 or up to six months in jail. Five or more convictions would be punishable by fines of up to \$10,000 and five years in state prison.

Most magazines would, of course, continue to reach subscribers through the mail. But the book trade depends so heavily on store sales it could be wiped out. Roth, Mailer, Updike and dozens of other



authors would be obvious victims, but hardly the only ones. Even the least erotic book could be seized at least temporarily, and again, not necessarily for reasons of sexual propriety. For example, *Hoax*, the *Sunday Times of London* report on the Clifford Irving caper, contains a casual obscenity or two. ("Irving should know that we'll break his balls before the grand jury," an attorney is quoted on page 207). It's not inconceivable that someone who wanted to promote sales of Irving's own account, *What Really Happened*, might try and prosecute *Hoax* off bookracks throughout the state.

The opportunities for harassment, sabotage, lawsuits and fines would be so common, in fact, that publishers might simply decide to keep their books out of California. "We publish between 400 and 500 books every year," says Robert Bernstein, president of Random House. "It's impossible for me or any other editor to know exactly what's in every one of those books. I think if this proposition passes we will have to assume that California has become an American Sahara and go around it." If publishers do come to that conclusion, it will be at considerable expense. With its 20.5 million people, California is not only the most populous state in the union, but Californians, like New Yorkers, are avid book readers.

In 1966, an almost identical measure was soundly defeated by a vote of 3.1 to 2.5 million. But the mood of Californians may have changed dramatically since then. Even the most determined opponents of the proposition concede the visible excesses of California's permissive society are much more evident today and that by now a large number of Californians may well be convinced that things have gone too far and that drastic measures are needed to set them right. "The thing I notice now as I drive into Los Angeles from the airport," says one frequent visitor, "is that the very first bowling alley not only offers topless and bottomless dancing but a massage parlor as well. In California everything is exaggerated. The permissiveness has been excessive and the reaction to it will probably be excessive as well."

**T**he prime mover behind Proposition 18 is State Sen. John Harmer, a conservative Republican from Glendale and, not incidentally, a Mormon. So far, his success with the proposition has been more than astounding. To put the measure on the ballot Harmer had to collect the signatures of 325,000 registered voters. The rule of thumb in California is that when you hire a professional canvassing agency to collect the signatures it costs about \$1 a name. Harmer collected 520,000 signatures in eight days at a cost of only \$7,000, and he did it through the simple expedient of using the free and enthusiastic labor of his fellow Mormons, who number 1.4 million in California. (No fewer than 13,000 of these took an active part in the petition drive.)

With the moral support of the church and the financial support of California conservatives, Harmer and his aides have been circulating throughout the state, persuading women's clubs and religious groups, among others, that a vote for Proposition 18 is a vote to protect children from the smut peddlers who, Harmer insists, are every bit as dangerous as heroin pushers. "Pornography," he argues, defying all evidence, "is addictive and is as destructive of personality as narcotics." On the side, Harmer's task force has been giving assurances that even though it might be technically possible under the proposition, no one is going to try to bust the Bible for obscenity.

The opposition is led by a broad coalition that includes the National Association of Theater Owners, Bantam Books, Hearst, The Motion Picture Association and, not surprisingly, *Playboy*. *Playboy* is an obvious target not only because of its content but also because, unlike most magazines, it sells 85 per cent of its 5.6 million copies on the stands, up to 600,000 of them in California (at \$1 a copy). *Playboy* has been keeping as low a profile as possible, fearful, no doubt with good reason, that if the voters should view the battle as a struggle between *Playboy* and the Mormons, they will vote with the Mormons, no matter how dangerously repressive their cause. Robert Gutwillig, vice president and marketing director of *Playboy*, has been urging other publications to contribute to the anti-18 fund, while evading questions about how much *Playboy* itself will chip in. *Playboy's* present strategy is to hold back its pledge until eleven days before the election because, under California law, if it waits that long, the magazine will not have to reveal its contribution until after the election.

Predictably, the fight is shaping up as another of California's classic confrontations between conservatives and liberals. Supporters of the measure are relying on the super-straight provinces of Orange and San Diego counties. Antis are convinced the pros will be handily defeated in such liberal strongholds as San Francisco, Alameda and Santa Clara. In the end, victory will probably go to whichever side can win over Los Angeles County and its five million voters, who traditionally and unpredictably swing back and forth from left to right. To win that vote, both sides are

expected to spend \$1 million each in an all-out advertising blitz set for the final weeks of the campaign. As in any such battle, the issues will be reduced to the exchange of simplistic slogans. For the Mormons and their disciples, the cry is save the children from pornography. For the antis, it's save us all from going the way of Communist Russia.

In addition, the opponents hope to keep all of the politicians out of the struggle, including President Nixon, Senator McGovern and Governor Reagan, and at the same time persuade *The Los Angeles Times* to take a decisive stand against the proposition (which it is likely to do). The opponents are also pressing the point, a compelling one in California where unemployment is high, that the initiative will cost jobs for book-sellers, theater ushers, even for Teamsters who truck books and periodicals around the state. Finally, the opponents are hoping to pick up at least some votes in what they view as a growing backlash against all propositions. Certainly, there is some disenchantment with the initiative process. Canvassers for some measures have been caught grossly misrepresenting, or even reversing, the intent of a proposition in order to get signatures. In other cases, canvassers have signed up people who are not registered voters, sometimes accepting the same ineligible signature as many as half a dozen times. But however applicable these allegations are to other items of the ballot in November, even the antis concede that the Mormon petition drive was scrupulously honest.

If the election were held right now, opponents say, Proposition 18 would pass easily. But that seems to be almost pure guesswork on their part. They haven't commissioned any polls. They simply point out that the polls on the death penalty issue show that the voters are 2 to 1 in favor of restoring it. Opponents of Proposition 18 contend, publicly at least, that the same voters who vote for the death penalty will vote for censorship. Could be, but it could also be that the opponents are exaggerating the odds in order to encourage others to come forward with more money for the struggle.

But even though they may be overstating the enthusiasm for Proposition 18, opponents are in no way exaggerating how serious its passage would be for the written word and other arts. "It would make every single one of our members liable to prosecution in the state of California, including those who publish medical books," says W. L. Smith, senior associate of the American Association of Publishers. "Moreover, it would be a devastating precedent that would embolden other groups around the country to try the same thing." Should Proposition 18 pass, opponents plan an immediate court test on the ground that the measure is unconstitutional. Possibly, the California courts would quickly rule in favor of the plaintiffs. But it's also possible that the whole issue could be dragged all the way back to the U.S. Supreme Court. At that point, the question would be a troublesome one indeed: Can the liberal obscenity decisions of the Warren Court survive the Burger Court?

## Up Against . . .

continued from page 1

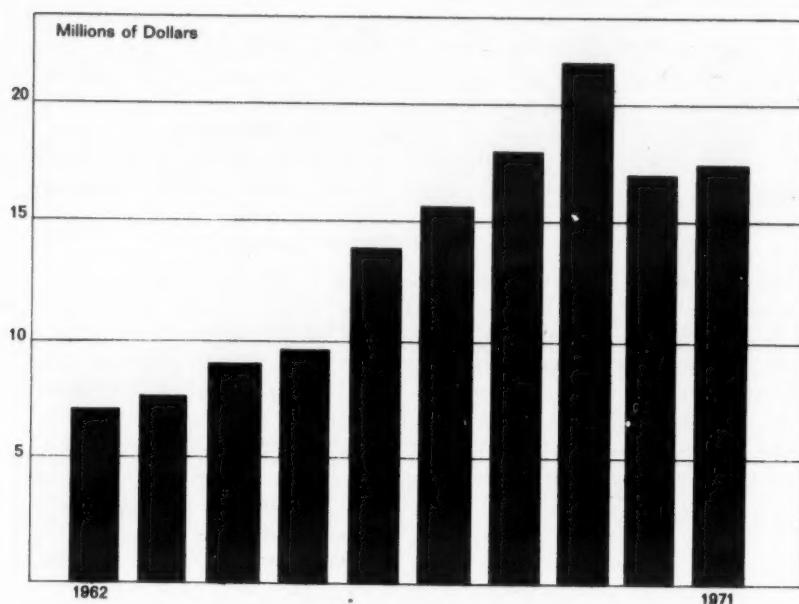
I talked him out of it. Forcing me out, I told him, would hurt morale etc. etc. He took the weekend to calm down and on Monday he evened the score by mailing his own memo to the bureau chiefs. In it, he said he regretted my departure even more than my method of announcing it, and warned that further use of the wires for personal messages "will be dealt with severely."

In retrospect, my cable caper doubtless reflects a certain over-exuberance in declaring my independence from 9:30-to-5:30 office confinement to begin, on the eve of my fortieth birthday, a new life of teaching, writing and traveling. But my memo equally epitomizes the mixture of affection and resentment I share with nearly everyone who has spent any time at the *Journal*. Resentment that management does so little to encourage reporters to make a career at the *Journal*. Affection for a product that is almost always intelligent. Resentment that it is so seldom inspiring. Affection for a publication that regularly uses its news columns to discredit many of the Establishment's worst abuses. Resentment that the newspaper's editorials even more regularly defend the Establishment. Affection for a publication that, despite the limitations of its business-oriented coverage and an institutional monotone as gray as its make-up, is a great place to practice journalism at close to its highest level.

In my 10 years at the *Journal* (nine of them covering the publishing beat), I never heard of any reporter being asked to write a puff piece for an advertiser, take it easy on a news source or angle a story beyond what the facts warranted. In a poll for *Time* magazine, Louis Harris found the *Journal* to be the nation's "most trusted" newspaper. Even radicals give it grudging respect (the *Guardian* has called the *Journal* one



## Dow Jones Profits



from Dow Jones 1971 annual report

of "the two best sources for information" on American capitalists, the other being the society pages of the *Times*). As one outsider unable to fix a story complained, the *Journal* is "rotten with integrity from top to bottom." Yet, for all its deserved reputation as a tough-minded chronicle of American business, the *Journal* seldom questions the fundamental premises of the business community it covers. It may be the best newspaper in the country at exposing rotten apples in the barrel, but the shape of the barrel itself is almost never an issue.

That, of course, may be inevitable for an enterprise whose very name is a symbol of the System and whose own pursuit of profit has been so successful. The *Wall Street Journal* is far and away the nation's most profitable daily. It netted an estimated \$16 million in 1969, its best year, and this year's profit should approach that. The newspaper accounts for an estimated 75 per cent of Dow Jones' total profits, and year after year DJ sports the highest profit margin of any periodical publishing company with publicly traded stock. Dow Jones accomplishes this in classic capitalist tradition: by keeping revenue high and costs low. For example, the *Journal* keeps advertising revenue high not by packing in ads—the *Journal* publishes only on weekdays and never prints an edition of more than 48 pages (and sometimes as few as 12)—but by charging "class" ad rates. A full-page ad in the *Journal* costs \$20,957—more than double the *Times*' charge. The *Journal* justifies the high rates by the affluence of its audience, though cynics sometimes add that lack of head-on competition has something to do with it, too. In any event, it is humbling for a reporter to learn that a two-inch ad in the *Journal* costs only \$5 less than the \$335 weekly scale for a five-year journeyman reporter.

That salary is below what the far less profitable *Times* and *Washington Post* pay reporters after comparable service. Moreover, the *Journal* tolerates none of the deadwood that accumulates at many major dailies. Young reporters who aren't catching on fast enough and veteran reporters who have slowed down too much are routinely given two or three months to find another job. Such sackings never encounter union opposition. The Newspaper Guild has been shut out at the *Journal*; in its place is a largely ineffectual company union representing white-collar employees. Blue-collar employees belong to AFL-CIO craft unions that have put up little resistance to streamlined operations at the paper's technologically-advanced printing plants. One reason is that the *Journal* has moved six of its nine printing plants out of big cities to suburbs and outlying towns, escaping the largest and most militant union locals. In seven of the plants, typesetting machines run automatically on a diet of perforated paper tape generated in Chicopee, Mass. The two other plants get along without a composing room; each receives facsimile pages via microwave from another plant. (Advanced as the *Journal's* technology is, *Pravda* outdoes it by printing in 42 different locations across the Soviet Union; the 16 farthest from Moscow are sent photographs of pages by cable or even satellite.)

The *Journal's* network of nine printing plants and four regional advertising editions has facilitated its rapid growth, but hardly accounts for

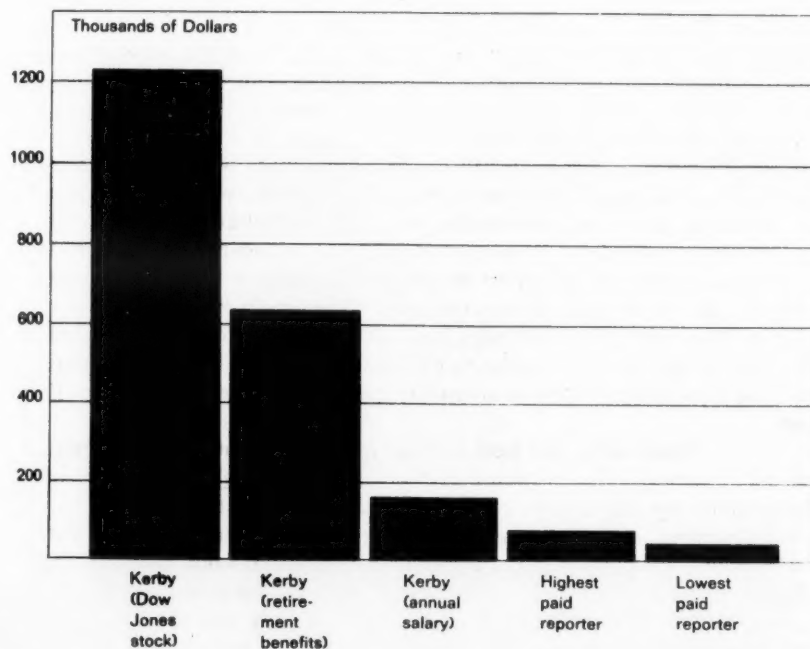
it. The main propellant has been the prolonged postwar boom in the economy and the stock market. In the last 20 years, the number of Americans owning stock has increased fivefold. Information-hungry investors and businessmen have snatched up most reasonably well-edited, broad-scope business publications. *Business Week's* circulation has tripled since 1952 and *Forbes'* has quadrupled. But the *Journal's* circulation has quintupled, jumping from 234,000 in 1952 to 1.3 million today. In the *Journal's* case, trust has been crucial to its success. The paper has become essential reading because—unlike most business publications, which tend simply to celebrate corporate success—it provides businessmen with unadulterated information they can count on.

**A**mong dailies, the *Journal* is in a unique position to be pure. Its nationwide distribution, with nearly as many readers in California as New York, frees the *Journal* from dependency on readers or advertisers in any one area. It can afford to offend a city or a state, as it has with downbeat stories on Seattle and Hawaii. More important, the *Journal* doesn't depend on any department store or other big advertiser for financial security. Offend an advertiser and his pullout will hardly tell at the till. Not that the advertising department goes out of its way to offend its customers. On the contrary. In the recession year of 1970, when financial advertising fell off badly and dragged Dow Jones profits down with it, Donald Macdonald, vice president for advertising, decided that this was the time to win points with the securities industry, then suffering a bad press because of back office paperwork problems, brokerage house failures and disregard of small investors. His scheme was to offer the New York Stock Exchange and four other securities organizations free space to tell "their story" to *Journal* readers.

Dow Jones President William Kerby, an ex-editor who should have known better, went along with Macdonald's giveaway, as did others in the high command. But when three financial reporters learned of the offer from sources on Wall Street, they protested directly to Kerby. They argued that the offer implied the *Journal* wasn't adequately covering the securities industry—an implication they resented—and that other industries soon would want free ads to answer their critics. A couple of months later, at the *Journal's* annual conference of editors and bureau chiefs, banking editor Charles Stabler eloquently renewed his attack, and Kerby conceded that the offer might not have been such a great idea after all. It wasn't withdrawn, however, for another six weeks, and then only after the company's general counsel advised Kerby and Macdonald that the offer could be deemed discriminatory toward competitive organizations not offered equal largesse.

This episode hardly had receded in memory when *Journal* newsmen were angered by what they divined—rightly or wrongly—to be an offense as serious as it was rare: publisher interference in the news operations. The flap arose over the paper's coverage of proposed increases in second class postal rates. *Time*, *Newsweek* and some other publications

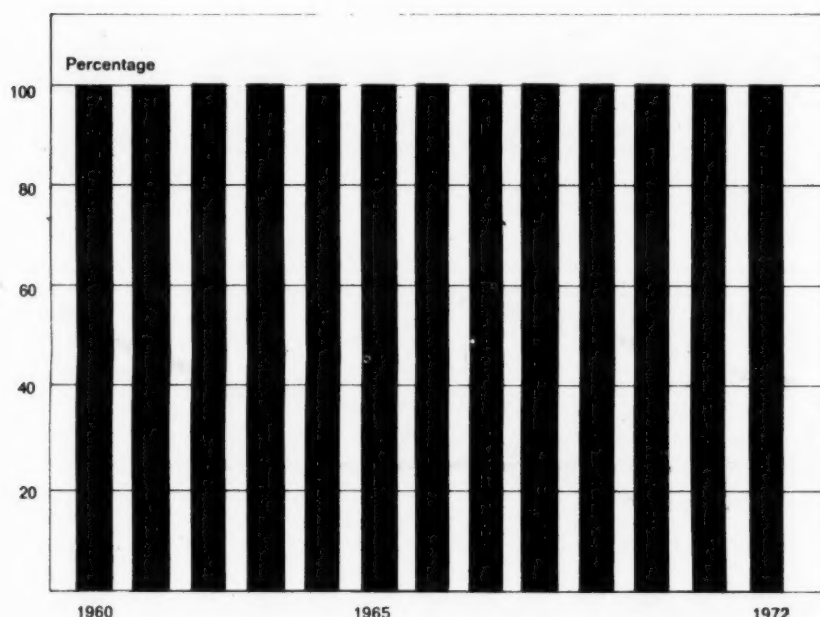
## Emoluments





have yielded to the temptation to use news stories to complain about proposed increases in postal rates, but no *Journal* reporter expected the *Journal* to. When the new rates were announced last year, the *Journal* used the back page, considered the most prominent display space after the front page, for an impact story. That was legitimate enough. But then six weeks later it ran an even longer impact story, also on the back page. This one included three paragraphs on Dow Jones, quoting the late Buren McCormack, executive vice president, bemoaning the prospect of a \$10 million annual increase in the *Journal's* postal costs. A week later when executive editor Edward Cony was in Washington having drinks with the paper's Capital staff, reporter Wayne Green raised the question of the two back-pagers. "I understand the Eighth Floor ordered up both those postal rate stories," Green said. Cony turned white, then raged: "Anyone who thinks management orders stories from special interests shouldn't be working for this newspaper!" Whatever the facts—Cony concedes only that management "may have suggested" the second story—his overreaction, like Taylor's in my case, typifies management's persistent confusion of dissent with disloyalty.

### Accuracy in Reporting Pork Belly Futures



*Journal* staffers tend to be as solid, stolid and straight as the publication they work for. Most occupants of the *Journal's* new newsroom at 22 Cortland Street (the newspaper has never been on Wall Street) blend into the carpeted, partitioned, clatter-free insurance-office decor so well they could easily be settling collision claims. Reporters work earnestly in individual cubicles. Feet on desks are uncommon, bull sessions rare, spitballs unknown, wall decorations forbidden. Reporters stay in their own little worlds, worrying about their page one production. Office parties are so tame that even Tom Wolfe would have difficulty making one seem lively, much less worth parodying. Yet, despite the heavy atmosphere, the *Journal* is in many ways an exceedingly pleasant place to work. The intrigue and empire-building that poison the air at publications where competition for good assignments and space is fierce are refreshingly absent at the *Journal*. Pay may not be high, but in pursuit of a major piece, the *Journal* reporter can travel freely and run up huge long-distance telephone tolls. He can take two weeks to two months—and even more—to research and write a single leader, the page-one features for which the paper is noted. If it is an investigative piece, the reporter will find the paper's libel lawyers permissive. If people mentioned in the story complain, he will find that editors will go out of their way to support him. On the other hand, friends and professionals whose opinions he most values won't compliment him because they don't buy the *Journal*, and the only readers who seem to write letters are gold bugs, gun nuts, rightwingers and fools—and they are usually complaining or missing the point of the story altogether.

As for in-house complaints, no subject evokes them like the transgressions of the six rewriters in New York (there's a seventh in Washington) who do nothing but rewrite page-one leaders and other

feature stories, constantly giving them maddeningly coy leads. Cutsey leads ("Hi there, housewives. Bored with scrubbing floors and wiping runny noses?"). Hypothetical leads ("Just for the sake of conversation, let's say you want to export hormone-fed chickens to Italy and taxicabs to Greece."). Absurd leads ("An analogy between cement silos and service stations? Absurd! Perhaps not so absurd as it might seem."). Leads with made-up characters ("Mrs. Amanda Gotrocks, swathed in furs and diamonds, is walking Cuddles, a 250-pound Great Dane."). Leads in which a rewriter has quoted a friend (example mercifully omitted). This numbing practice dates back to the late Bernard Kilgore, who stamped his Hoosier personality on the *Journal* as its long-time president. For Barney, every story had to be simplified and sugar-coated to make it comprehensible and palatable to the auto dealer in Elkhart. By and large, the formula for feature articles that Kilgore decreed in 1941 remains unchanged today. The quality of the rewrite staff, though, has improved markedly in recent years, and for all its meddling it often rescues reporters from their own lazy reporting and clumsy writing.

If the rewrite wringer doesn't get a reporter, the managing editor may. Fred Taylor acts as a one-man Legion of Decency, censoring anything that may offend prudish readers and attract letters he will have to answer. He excised "crotch" from a story on panty hose, substituted "(blank)" for "crap," "ass" and "godamit" in a profile of the profane president of White Consolidated Industries, and deleted a description of the operation from a piece of vasectomy. "I winced reading that description," he explains, "and I could see guys with their morning coffee all over America reading the paper in intense pain. So I just left them to wonder whether the procedure was in the ear or the foot."

Like newsmagazine group journalism, the *Journal* editing process tends to homogenize the product by imposing the standards of a handful of editors and rewriters in New York on 150 reporters and bureau chiefs from Los Angeles to London. About the only reporter with a distinctive style whose stories escape homogenization is Peter Kann. The 29-year-old Southeast Asian correspondent and 1972 Pulitzer Prize-winner breaks all the rules of leader writing. Leaders are supposed to stick to the significant. Kann's stories are replete with less-than-momentous vignettes about dead elephants, camel races and Philippine gambling casinos. Leaders must be dense (the goal is two facts to every line). Kann's leaders are fluffy. A leader states its theme and then hammers it home. Kann's leaders are so leisurely they sometimes don't get to the point until the jump. Leaders are impersonal. Kann's are usually personal and sometimes first-person, as in his two-part diary from Dacca under siege. Leaders are usually neutral, presenting all sides and then letting the reader decide. Kann is partisan. His sympathies for the Bangladesh cause showed through, as have his anti-Vietnam war sentiments, most clearly when he ridiculed a hawkish congressman's VIP tour. Kann gets away with his rule-breaking because he is, as he puts it, "far from bureau chiefs and editors, and far from subjects that anyone in New York knows a great deal about. The stateside reporters, or most of them, are providing the meat and potatoes. I'm kind of providing the dessert for our readers. And, kind of like a pastry cook, I'm permitted (perhaps even expected) to experiment more and to provide some style along with the substance."

Kann's presence at the *Journal* as kind of the house freak is central to the frustration that afflicts so much of the staff and ultimately forces so many good journalists to leave. Readers buy the paper not for pastry but for meat and potatoes—to learn what's happening to interest rates, steel prices and pork belly futures. So for every Kann, there are 100 reporters spooning out the daily ration of business stew. Most find such reporting dreary at best, but as Bill Kerby observed in a speech last winter, "People don't read *The Wall Street Journal* because one or another of 200-odd newsmen may have his or her name signed to it. They read it because they want to find out what happened . . ." Inevitably, the needs of the institution come first, and just as inevitably the spirit of the individual is eventually stifled, a truth that hardly applies to the *Journal* alone.

Given these circumstances, it is not surprising that the *Journal's* business coverage is wildly uneven. Some industries—auto, steel and airlines, for instance—are well covered. Others, such as construction, packaging and farming, are underreported. Shipping is left to the *Journal of Commerce*. Some industries get short shrift because reporters assigned to them are inexperienced, unsophisticated or unenthusiastic about business reporting—or all three. Few reporters keep a beat long enough to build up much expertise; 11 reporters have passed through the food and liquor beat in 10 years, for example. Hiring a specialist to fill a beat is rare. When the banking beat fell vacant several years ago, veteran *Journal* reporter Charlie Stabler was thrown into the breach. "I didn't know anything about banks then, and I still don't feel I understand even half of what's going on," he says. Indeed, Wall Street money men look not to the *Journal* but to the *American Banker* and the *Bond Buyer* to tell them



what's going on in the money markets. And that's probably inevitable. Because it covers all industry, the *Journal* can't devote as much space to any one industry as a trade journal can. Also, the *Journal* is edited for the layman rather than the specialist. Every time Stabler writes a story about short-term interest rates, he has to sprinkle it with seven to 10 definitions of terms that Wall Streeters know by heart but many Main Streeters don't understand.

The *Journal* has also tried to help shoe clerks figure out when to get in and out of the market—not always with happy results. Early last year, three page-one stories reported predictions that the market would turn up; after each piece the market turned down. So unerringly was the *Journal* in error that even its sister publication, *Barron's*, couldn't resist twitting it in print. Though a fourth bullish article in late 1971 finally was borne out by subsequent events, page-one editor Michael Gartner has clamped a ban on further stock market dope stories. "How many times do you have to be burned before you learn? We've become a counter-indicator."

The *Journal's* front page, six columns of gray relieved only by one small chart each day, is the most predictable-looking in American journalism. But the three feature stories that appear there each day are equally unpredictable. Page-one editors, whose limited enthusiasm for business stories matches that of the reporters, consistently run surprising stories, such as a profile of a stripteaser and an article on life in a Scottish monastery. The monastery story appeared three years ago and immediately became legendary by triggering complaints from on high that too many leaders were becoming frivolous. Thus began a counterrevolution of sorts, away from imaginative leaders and back to trendy business articles, known around the newsroom as DBIs (dull but important).

One type of story that increasingly fills one of the three page-one slots deals with crime in the suites. In recent months, the *Journal* has exposed oil-drilling promoter Jack Burke for going through \$30 million raised from investors with the help of Los Angeles publisher Otis Chandler, Occidental Petroleum for paying off \$200,000 to gain drilling concessions in Libya, and Kaiser Industries officials for profiting from the illegal purchase and sale of Canadian coal mining stock. The Kaiser story was dumped in the *Journal's* lap by a disgruntled ex-employee who walked in off the street. But most such stories result from old-fashioned digging. "I don't get any leaks," says Jerry Landauer, the *Journal's* investigative reporter in Washington. Landauer has exposed a free-spending member of the House Banking Committee who was in hock for more than \$100,000 to banks, another congressman who used his congressional office to champion the cause of a legal client before a government agency, and the chairman of the House Post Office Committee, who pocketed \$11,000 from a dinner thrown for him by postal union leaders, lobbyists and big-volume mailers.

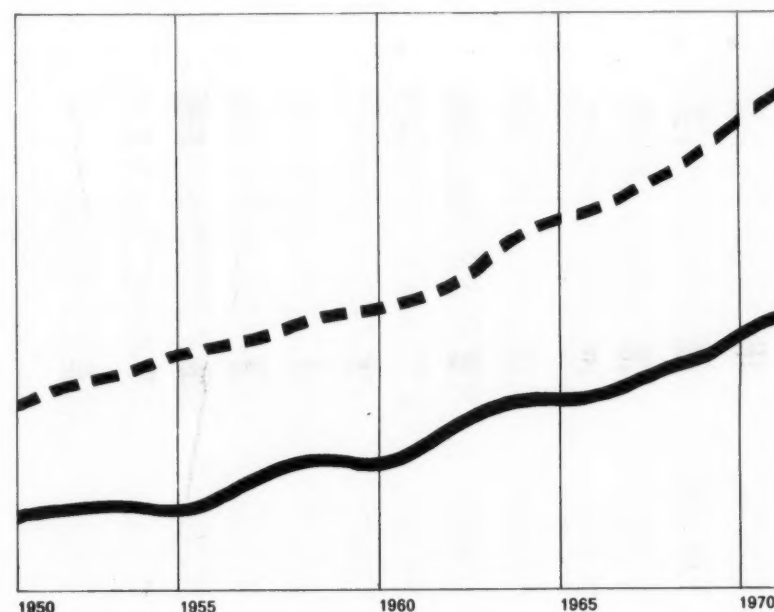
In 1966 a story reporting payoffs from gambling casino operators and land developers to leaders of the ruling party of the Bahamas resulted in the party being voted out of office. Stanley Penn, one of the two reporters who won a Pulitzer for the Bahamas story, is the paper's senior investigative reporter. Besides Penn, there's at least one reporter in each of the *Journal's* dozen domestic bureaus who has investigated corporate chicanery from time to time. Despite this pool of talent, the *Journal* has been left behind on most of the biggest business scandals in recent years. It was on top of Tino De Angelis' \$200 million salad oil swindle and Westec Corporation's smelly collapse. But that's about all. The *Journal* got beat badly on Billy Sol Estes' liquid fertilizer swindle in the early 1960's. It gave Bernard Cornfeld's manipulations at Investors Overseas Service only piecemeal and occasionally misleading coverage. It was caught by surprise by the Penn-Central debacle, though it recouped nicely with excellent follow-up stories. And it was scooped on this year's International Telephone & Telegraph's brazen favor-seeking in Washington, while it practically overlooked ITT's political interference in Chile.

And, astonishingly, the *Journal* all but ignored Howard Hughes and his "autobiography." Though some editors contend that Clifford Irving's escapade wasn't a business story, the involvement of the nation's least-seen and most-publicized businessman, the humiliation of Time Inc. and McGraw-Hill and the story's fascination for both general and business readers would indicate otherwise. The *New York Times* smothered the story with a task force of top reporters; the *Journal* didn't assign a single man fulltime. The Hughes non-coverage illustrates the *Journal's* reluctance to react quickly and decisively to a breaking story that isn't a must because of its direct impact on the economy or the stock market. With its network of bureaus, the *Journal* is in an excellent position to do both spot and enterprise team reporting. But editors seldom mobilize reporters for a task force effort, and without direction and encouragement from above, individual reporters hesitate to start on a story they can't handle alone.

Given their head, many of these reporters would eagerly

provide some first-rate crusading work. But crusading is a dirty word at *The Wall Street Journal*. The paper seldom gets riled by any amount of evil, suffering and stupidity in the world. Unjust wars, unnecessary famines, environmental rape, even unwise government regulation of business don't seem to anger the cool (some would say cynical) men who run the paper. The editorial writers comment on the Earth's ills as though they didn't live on it. With mortician-like dispassion, they minister to the nearly departed without a tear. Passion is out of fashion at the *Journal*. "I'm suspicious of the mentality of crusaders," says Robert Bartley, who edits the editorial page. "And I'm not all that much for change anyway. I see no serious, major defects in the System, even though individuals screw up and some policies are wrong." It's hardly surprising that a System that provides Dow Jones with lush profits and key employees with more than comfortable livings would appear basically defect-free. Even a bloated federal budget and massive government intervention in the economy doesn't upset the *Journal* much anymore. It doesn't like farm subsidies, high tariffs or wage-price controls, but it has long since dropped opposition to government regulations that stabilize industries, rationalize market conditions and police the worst abuses.

### Coverage of Establishment



SOLID LINE: News stories exposing the Establishment  
BROKEN LINE: Editorials defending the Establishment

Those who think *Journal* editorial writers are still living in the 19th Century haven't been looking lately; they are less polemicists for lost causes these days than pragmatists pushing what they think is the possible in this best of all possible worlds. "A lot of my friends think I am a right-wing ideologue," says Bob Bartley. "They're wrong. I'm conservative and pro-Establishment. But I'm not a *National Review* type. The *National Review* opposed Nixon's trip to China. I didn't. Rightwing ideologues think there is a creed that would solve all our problems—if only the United States were more anti-Communist, more *laissez-faire*, etc. I feel that things are so complex, society is so complicated, that we have to learn to live with problems rather than solve them. I am less doctrinaire, more willing to accept unpleasant realities."

One of the "unpleasant realities" Bartley accepts is the carnage in Indochina. Despite some questioning, Bartley backs Nixon's Vietnamization program and stepped-up bombardment of North Vietnam. Not since early 1968 has the *Journal* seriously questioned the wisdom of United States intervention in Vietnam. At that time the Tet offensive prompted the paper to run a widely publicized editorial advising the public to "be prepared for the bitter taste of a defeat beyond America's power to prevent," and declaring "the Administration is duty-bound to recognize that no battle and no war is worth any price, no matter how ruinous." The editorial carefully avoided passing moral judgment on the American role in Vietnam, but was simply a realistic appraisal that "the whole Vietnam effort may be doomed."

The editorial has always been credited to Bartley's predecessor,



the late Joseph Evans. But Vermont Royster, who was then editor of the *Journal* and now is a columnist, says he wrote the Tet editorial and Evans only rewrote it. None of Evans' associates remembers Royster having any part at all in the editorial. Whatever the authorship, one thing is certain: no editorial since then has sounded the same note. It is almost as if the *Journal* was surprised and shocked that many people saw the Tet editorial as a clear sign that Wall Street had turned against the war and, reluctant to be cast as a spokesman for Wall Street and uncomfortable at being in opposition to a Republican Administration, pulled in its horns.

Even when their reasoning defies logic, *Journal* editorials affect an air of sweet reasonableness. This calm tone contrasts sharply to the vituperation in the *Journal's* sister publication, *Barron's*, which has used editorials to red-bait, in discredited McCarthyite style, the Pacifica Foundation and Consumers Union, and attack child labor laws in an editorial with a title as quaint as its thesis: SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN. *Barron's* editorials probably come closer to Dow Jones President Kerby's own views. For all that he was a crack newsman and remains a genial gentleman, Kerby fired a reporter, James Garst, for taking the Fifth Amendment in 1954 and has no regrets about it to this day. And back in 1935, Kerby deserted the *Journal* for more than a year to write anti-New Deal pamphlets and press releases for the rightwing Liberty League. Though his *Journal* job paid \$50 a week and the League \$115, Kerby maintains, "I was not a prostitute; I had no quarrel with the League's ideology."

Kerby seems to have no basic quarrel with United States policy in Indochina, but he has said publicly that he regrets the *Journal* didn't get the Pentagon Papers. The sad fact is that the *Journal* wasn't even in the running for them. Says Washington bureau chief Alan Otten: "No one in the Washington bureau knew Ellsberg, and we didn't make an attempt to get the Papers. We wouldn't have known what to do with them anyhow. We probably would have boiled them down to one leader." Kerby claims that the *Journal* is "the most powerful publication in the world." But as Otten says, "It would be silly to contend that we consistently have as much clout in Washington as the *Times* or the *Post*. On the bus I take, I see the *Times* coming in and the *Journal* going home. The *Journal* is required reading . . . but not urgent reading." One reason, of course, may be that the *Journal's* Washington coverage, though invariably competent, is understandably selective and usually conventional. Otten himself is widely respected for his savvy about two-party politics, yet he was so convinced that I.F. Stone was an uninfluential nobody that he tried (unsuccessfully) to kill a page-one profile of the maverick journalist two years ago. "I still don't think Stone was worth profiling," says Otten.

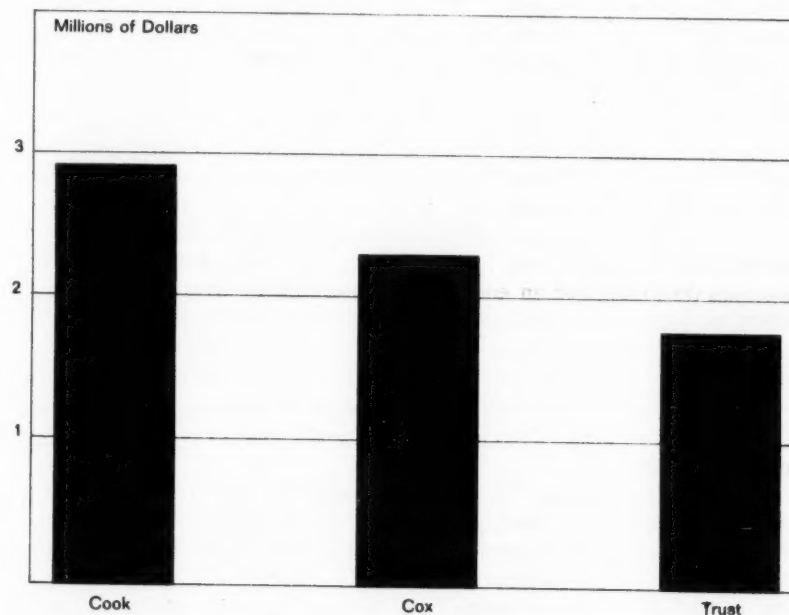
**T**here is a good deal of *New York Times* envy at *The Wall Street Journal* and the unmatched power, prestige and pay uptown account for the largely one-way traffic between the two papers. At least 18 former *Journal* reporters now work for the *Times*. No former *Times* reporter works for the *Journal*, although several former news assistants and copy editors do. Among the 18 defectors at the *Times* are Robert Bedingfield, an assistant financial editor; R. W. Apple, chief political writer, and David Jones, who last month was named national editor. John O'Connor went from obscurity at the *Journal* to instant celebrity as the *Times's* television critic. His paper provides him with three TV sets at home and a fourth in the office. When James MacGregor took over the TV beat at the *Journal* he was refused even a 17-inch portable.

*Journal* management doesn't like to provide reporters with titles and trappings, such as news assistants to do routine legwork and secretaries to answer the phone, because it doesn't want to make life too comfortable. The system at the *Journal* is geared to spewing out senior reporters at 35 or 40. It is not simply that management wants to get two junior reporters for the price of a single senior; just as important is that a senior man's departure often opens up a choice beat for a younger man. The *Times* goes out of its way to promote its reporters' and columnists' reputations, using house ads with their pictures. In contrast, it takes a Pulitzer Prize award to rate a *Journal* reporter a mention in a *Journal* ad. The *Times* encourages staffers to trade on their status as *Timesmen* by lecturing and appearing on TV. The *Journal* bars staffers from going on TV if they are to express opinions of their own rather than ask questions of others. The *Times* sends a staffer off to Harvard on a Nieman Fellowship nearly every fall. The *Journal* banned such leaves from 1943, when the only *Journal* staffer ever to take a Nieman failed to return, to 1969, when it allowed me to participate in a similar program at Stanford.

*Journal* editors and executives acknowledge that the *Times* is a great newspaper, but shake their heads at *Times* management for tolerating what they regard as high-priced and slow-moving prima donnas and for knuckling under to union demands for ruinous wage hikes. In short, the *Journal* is a profit-making corporation first and a newspaper second while the *Times*, to its credit, is just the opposite.

The *Journal* retains vestiges of paternalism common to family-owned businesses, which the *Journal* was until nine years ago when Dow Jones first sold stock to the public. For example, the paper kept Vermont Royster on the payroll at his regular salary for nine months after he retired as its \$100,000-a-year editor. And it created an undemanding job for a managing editor who had to be relieved of that pressure post after six months because his long liquid lunches rendered him dysfunctional in the afternoon. The Dow Jones company union, whose ace in the hole is management's fear that its humiliation and collapse would open the way for The Newspaper Guild, has negotiated wage scales that are good by most standards but inferior to those in New York and Washington. The *Journal*, which in 1956 became the first daily to pay beginning reporters \$100 a week, now pays \$195—\$18 a week less than the *Times* pays beginning news assistants. The *Journal's* top minimum of \$335 after five years compares with \$361 after two years at the *Times*. Half a dozen *Journal* reporters, most of them in Washington, earn more than \$500 a week, but senior Washington reporters figure they make \$50 to \$75 less a week than counterparts at the *Times* and *Post*. They resent this, along with severe limitations on overtime pay and Dow Jones' refusal to institute a stock purchase plan for employees. When managing editor Taylor visited the Washington bureau last spring, the reporters aired their grievances, Taylor was unsympathetic, and the confrontation turned ugly. Says Taylor: "They

### Stepgranddaughters' Annual Dividends



ANNUAL DIVIDENDS on Dow Jones stock:

Mrs. Jane Cook—\$2,932,407

Mrs. Jessie Cox—\$2,414,645

Cook-Cox Family Trust—\$1,755,450

tore me apart." Says a reporter: "I have come to the conclusion reluctantly that management basically doesn't care; they would just as soon see senior guys go and replace them with cheap talent." At least management no longer rubs reporters' noses in their second-rank salaries. It has stopped running subscription ads headlined I WAS GOING BROKE ON \$9,000 A YEAR, SO I SENT \$7 TO THE WALL STREET JOURNAL. Recalls one reporter: "How do you think that made me feel when I was making \$6,400 a year?"

At any salary, covering business year after year wears down all but the most hardy souls and least imaginative minds. Rewriting company handouts and attending annual stockholder meetings soon becomes mechanical as well as boring. A reporter can't do justice even to the rare lively annual meeting because he has to rush out periodically to phone bulletins to the Dow Jones News Service, the financial wire that all *Journal* reporters must service before they service the paper. Delay in feeding the "ticker" bulletins may result in a scoop for its arch competitor, the Reuters financial wire, and rate the reporter a rebuke. Besides being a legman for a wire service, the *Journal* newsman is a daily reporter for the inside of the paper and a newsmagazine writer for the front page. He switches back and forth from the most routine and dreary journalism to the most demanding and fulfilling, a schizophrenic role unlike that on any other newspaper.

Like most other major publishing institutions, *The Wall Street*



*Journal* has passed out of the era of personal stewardship. Barney Kilgore was the innovator credited with broadening and deepening the *Journal's* coverage and converting the paper from a struggling financial trade journal into the prosperous general business daily it is today. From 1945, when he was made president, until his retirement in 1966, Kilgore served ex-officio as editor of editors. He suggested stories, thoroughly critiqued each day's edition, and fired off salvos of wrist-slapping and back-patting memos to editors, bureau chiefs and even reporters. Besides serving as a one-man quality control panel, Kilgore contributed infectious enthusiasm for the *Journal* and intense drive to improve it. But he could be arbitrary as well as inspiring, most notably in 1960 when he clamped a ban on double bylines, claiming they were "pretentious." The ban hadn't been in effect more than a week or two before it deprived reporter Ray Schrick of half-credit for a Pulitzer Prize-winning story. The story, which Schrick initiated, exposed officers and directors of Georgia-Pacific Corporation who were engaged in dubious sideline transactions with the lumber company. Schrick's collaborator, Ed Cony, who got the byline and the Pulitzer, graciously offered Schrick half the prize money, but Schrick turned it down, explaining it was the prize he really prized.

**W**illiam Kerby, who succeeded Kilgore as president six years ago, is of a different mold. Though a former editor himself, as are several others in the high command, he is content to keep hands off the editorial product and mind the business operation. Kerby will be 65 next July and is expected to step out of day-to-day operations and become part-time chairman of the board. His heir certain as president is 46-year-old executive vice president Warren Phillips. Whether Phillips will carry the disengagement process another step remains to be seen. The son of a Jewish slip manufacturer from Queens, Phillips hardly seems the logical choice to follow the Protestants, most from the Midwest, who have run Dow Jones for generations. But then Phillips is as adaptive (he now considers himself a Unitarian) as he is bright (he graduated from high school two weeks before turning 15), able (his news judgment as managing editor in 1957-65 was highly respected), and generous (he willingly takes the rap for some of his fellow executives' unpopular decisions).

It will be tempting for such an adroit team player to tread lightly as president, to settle only for refinements and eschew innovation as dangerous tinkering with an enormously successful product. But only by making the paper more penetrating and vital will Phillips help achieve its considerable promise. This need not conflict with the *Journal's* commercial viability. On the contrary, there are thousands of government officials, academicians, intellectuals and other non-business readers who ought to be looking to the *Journal* for intelligent insights into the labyrinth of American business.

As a beginning, Phillips should purge the paper of many of the business stories that tell what is happening on the surface—sales rising, companies merging, managements changing—and replace them with stories that tell how businessmen really do business—how they make decisions, set prices, create markets for products that are too often unneeded and unsafe, how competitors exchange production, price and other supposedly confidential information, how they administer prices, curtail output and stifle genuine product improvements. The *Journal* covers the spectacular business scandals when they erupt, and its investigative reporters uncover less spectacular ones, but the paper ignores the day-in, day-out systematic corruption that is built into the American way of doing business, the corporate corruption that is far greater and more pernicious than big city police corruption. Ralph Nader and his associates have described how some businesses really do business. *The Wall Street Journal* rarely has. For all that many consider it the "Bible of Business," the *Journal* publishes more in-depth stories on medicine than on merchandising, more leaders on athletics than on agriculture, more on personalities than on petroleum.

The solution is not to cut back on non-business coverage but to improve business coverage. The *Journal* should study individual corporations and industries as deeply and deftly as it studied a South Bronx slum several years ago. Two reporters turned out four prize-winning leaders on life on Kelly Street. Given enough time, four reporters could turn out an even more memorable series on ITT, or Chase Manhattan, or Metropolitan Life. Taking on the biggest corporations, many of them practically countries unto themselves, is a lot tougher than going after the small fry that are the target of most investigative stories, but the results are much more likely to win new readers and keep old ones. Nothing fascinates businessmen more than reading stories that embarrass other businessmen; it is only when the rake reaches their own muck that they squawk. Articles should avoid a crusading, muckraking tone; the paper's standard calm, matter-of-fact, balanced presentation is eminently serviceable. The

*Journal's* strongest suit, of course is meticulous, unhurried reporting. Nearly all the paper's embarrassing failures have been hastily written dope stories long on speculation and short on reporting.

The *Journal* encourages overproduction by keeping count of each reporter's page-one output and giving the most prolific writers most of the raises and promotions. The effect of rewarding quantity over quality is to encourage reporters to bat out fast-forgotten formula leaders, when what is most needed are memorable non-formula pieces. These, of course, take far longer to conceive, report and write. Instead of encouraging reporters to produce more, management ought to limit each reporter to no more than half a dozen major feature stories a year. Beside improving the quality of stories, this would reduce a swollen inventory (as many as 80 stories have been backed up waiting for space on page one) and delay in publishing stories. Reporters worry constantly that page one is holding their stories too long (two months is the average wait between submission and publication for a piece without a specific time peg) and that their stories will be overtaken by events or upstaged by another publication.

As minimal steps to improve staff morale—*ergo*, the *Journal*—management should make pay scales at least competitive with *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, end once and for all the penny-wise, pound-foolish practice that requires all *Journal* reporters, senior as well as junior, to do double-duty for the Dow Jones ticker, stop making reporters put phony datelines on spot news stories and relax the silly restrictions on free-lance writing and television appearances. The next time a reporter reworks a story the *Journal* already has run and sells it to *New York* magazine, management should not tell him, as two years ago it told

### It's All Over

World's End Catches  
Americans by Surprise,  
Disrupts Many Plans

Wall Street Wasn't Ready;  
Travelers Are Stranded;  
But Some Hope in Chicago

"You Can't Take It With You"

*So fixed is The Wall Street Journal's dispassionate front page formula that it took page one editor Michael Gartner only 90 seconds to set down the ultimate headline.*

reporter William Burrows, that *New York* is a competitive publication and off-limits to *Journal* reporters and—hold on!—another such sale will result in dismissal.

Last month, the *Journal* proudly announced that it had signed up a four-man board of contributors "intended to present a broad range of viewpoints on current topics." This quartet typifies the *Journal's* constricted notion of "range," including as it does Establishment heavies Walter Heller, Irving Kristol, Paul McCracken and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Unlike the *Times* Op-Ed page, the *Journal's* editorial page remains largely inhospitable to all but the most "respectable" views, left or right. What the *Journal* needs is someone like Philip Geyelin. And the paper had him. But like so many others, he left. In this case, to give *The Washington Post* perhaps the best editorial page in the nation, one where a sense of humanism and reform prevails.

Whatever Warren Phillips' virtues as a newsman—and he has many—it is unlikely that when he rises to command next year he will move the paper in that direction. Two years ago, Phillips complained that some reporters were taking "glee in needling the Establishment" and that too many page-one stories reflected an "anti-business bias." Today he boasts that the problem no longer exists. One reason is the break-up of a group of activist reporters who hit management with six petitions in 12 months in 1969-70. Among other things, they protested two editorials (one blaming poor telephone service on minority hiring, the other suggesting that the young had gone to Woodstock to wallow in the mud) and asked manage-



ment to go on record against government efforts to subpoena reporters' notes. The most controversial petition (signed by 55 staff members) asked management to observe Vietnam Moratorium Day by stopping the Dow Jones Ticker for one minute. Management rejected this and the other demands and reprimanded reporters who had participated in a Wall Street peace demonstration holding aloft banners identifying them as "Wall Street Journalists." Predictably, the militants are gone now—Ronald Kessler to *The Washington Post*, Alan Adelson to write a book, and Stanford Sesser to teach. Other activists stayed, but pulled in their horns. Management breathed easier, failing to understand that in stifling such activity and discouraging iconoclasm in the *Journal's* pages it had severely damaged the early warning system that stories critical of business provide the paper's readers.

One of the astonishing facts about *The Wall Street Journal* is that Jane Cook and Jessie Cox, stepgranddaughters of early owner Clarence Barron, own (together with a family trust), 47 per cent of Dow Jones stock. At current prices, it's worth \$300 million, and each year these elderly sisters receive \$7.1 million in dividends. They leave the operation of the *Journal* to the managers, but even so it is hard to be optimistic about change in an atmosphere so quintessentially Wall Street. But perhaps there is some hope. Bringing a sense of innovation and humanity to the *Journal* would cost Dow Jones relatively little. All of the changes I have suggested would add only a percentage point or two to the news operation budget, which even now amounts to less than 10 per cent of the newspaper's overhead. Maybe someone in command will recognize what a small price that would be to pay for restoring morale and energizing the *Journal*, which for so long has been on the verge of being the best newspaper in the country.

## [HELLBOX]

continued from page 2

tended to guarantee "objectivity" rather than the elimination of unfavorable publicity. A Justice Department attorney agreed that the antitrust action was brought "in the public interest," that the government as a source of information "may be disserved by this order" and that the publicity cited may not have provided sufficient grounds for such restrictions. Nevertheless, he said he was "troubled" by the recurrence of complaints "peripheral" to the antitrust action. The IBM attorney termed Pre-trial Order No. 4 "an order of truth" in that it lets the record speak for itself and frees the public from speculation or interpretation by participants in the case.

Except that the record takes a long time to speak. About the fastest a document can be docketed and filed is a week; transcripts aren't usually available for several months. Court records are usually in huge disarray. The ADAPSO petition, for example, was found sandwiched in-between exhibits in a cardboard box. Those transcripts not on file must be sought out in a variety of offices.

One of the most intriguing matters brought up during the pre-trial hearings was the proposed visit by the judge, defendant and prosecutor to the NASA computer installation at Cape Kennedy. The trip, suggested by IBM attorney Thomas Barr, supposedly for the purpose of enlightening the court on the operation of data processing equipment, was suddenly cancelled. Just why is still unclear. Both the Justice Department and IBM can cite the "order of truth" in refusing comment. The transcript of court proceedings for February, which contains the discussion of the NASA trip, could not be found after several hours of searching.

### Doctoring Clark's Quotes

*Washington Post* reporter Maxine Cheshire set a precedent worth following when she checked columnist Jack Anderson's facts on Senator Eagleton, and found them wanting (page 3). A fellow *Post* reporter, military analyst George Wilson, performed the same service on an Evans-Novak column that ran in the *Post* September 8 concerning Ramsey Clark's Hanoi meeting with U.S. POWs. The column, entitled, "Clark's POW Charade," suggested that it was providing for the first time the true facts about Clark's Hanoi trip. Actually, Evans and Novak simply obtained a tape recording of the POW meeting from Clark's secretary, who had been making it available to the press for weeks. ABC had already broadcast an hour excerpt.

According to the Evans-Novak column, "While the prisoners were ominously uncomplaining about their treatment and lavishly critical

about their own government, Clark delivered the repeated homilies on the virtues of North Vietnam." Freely bowdlerizing the Clark tape, Evans-Novak reported Homily Number One as follows:

"If McGovern were elected," Clark told the POWs, "the war would end on the day he came into office... There can be no question that the prisoners would be released."

Wilson, after listening to the entire tape, found that the purported line was actually Clark quoting a conversation with a North Vietnamese editor:

"The editor of the biggest paper — I was speaking with him this morning — he said, looked me right in the eye, and I can't question him, there is no reason for him to say it — that he's convinced that if McGovern were elected — and I don't mean this in a political way, this is just what the guy said — that the war would end the day he came into office and that there can be no question that the prisoners would be returned immediately; and he said he's not talking about three months."

Wilson's correction of Evans-Novak appeared well down in a long article on POW politics that the *Post* ran Sunday, September 10, two days after the Evans-Novak column. Contacted by (MORE), Evans-Novak said through an associate that they were aware of Wilson's homework, had no comment on it, were standing by the column, and had no plans for a retraction.

### Corrections

In our September issue, an unintentionally dropped line confused the conclusion of Theodore Lippman's article, "Evading the Eagleton Issue." The conclusion should have read: "...The essential question was plainly this: should a man with a history of psychiatric care, a man who in the past had buckled under stress on at least three occasions, remain on the ticket, knowing that fate might some day make him President of the United States? Plainly. So why did the *Detroit News* duck the essential question until after Eagleton had resigned, which is when it wrote the above quoted editorial? Journalistically speaking, that is the essential question, and it applies to the *News*, to the other 10 papers in the sample that ducked the issue in the Eagleton case, and to most other papers in the country, on most important issues, I would guess."

## Anderson . . .

continued from page 5

Davis had traded favors. In 1968, Davis took on James Boyd as a speechwriter, Boyd then being virtually unemployable for having given Anderson material from the files of his former employer, Senator Dodd.

Most of Anderson's best tips, of course, come from friends or from people with something to gain (Davis was both), but those are the ones you are most careful about. Two interpretations of Davis's motives are possible. To me, it seems inconceivable that Davis, running against Eagleton in a dirty, three-way primary in 1968, could have had the photostats, believed them to be authentic, and not found a way of leaking them to the press. Now, four years later, with his former rival on the ropes, he went to Maxine Cheshire with a story he wouldn't (or couldn't) sell in 1968. Then, as the story increasingly bore his fingerprints, he grew nervous. But Anderson has a different, more charitable interpretation of his friend's motives. Namely, that Davis, having "taken the high road" in 1968, was therefore credible in 1972. Having declined to use the photostats in the Missouri primary when they were to his personal advantage, there would be no reason for him to lie now.

Suppose, however, that Davis held off in 1968 only because the story wouldn't stand up. Anderson can't answer that, except to insist that, no, Davis was too high-minded. Others who have dealt with True Davis, a man whose current position is president of the badly tainted National Bank of Washington, choke on that description. But Anderson simply trusted his friend and his friend's sources, politically conservative, anti-Eagleton state troopers who certainly had self-serving motives, too. Or, suppose that Davis was in fact eager for Anderson to print the story in 1968, but that Anderson (or Drew Pearson) wouldn't go for it. And now, with the stakes higher, Anderson was interested and Davis genuinely reluctant.

Perhaps Jack Anderson's worst sin was naivete. Friends of the columnist have often observed that his very investigative fervor seems to derive, ironically, from just that trait. And there can be no other explanation for his open business associations with notorious business operators like C. Wyatt Dickerson and I. Irving Davidson, who could offer the columnist little but embarrassment. Anderson is a man who trusts his friends to a fault.

As for why the reluctant True Davis went to Maxine Cheshire,



there is only one possible explanation other than sheer malice: weeks after it was all over, a friend was commiserating with Davis on the bad press he had gotten. To which Davis replied, no, there wasn't any such thing as bad publicity. So, here was True Davis, the social climber, the multimillionaire cocktail-circuit ex-ambassador, knowing some inside skinny about Tom Eagleton, who had just become the hottest story of the year. Davis simply couldn't resist the limelight.

In retrospect, the Anderson report's effect on Tom Eagleton's fortunes is not entirely clear. Mike Kelly, Eagleton's press secretary argues that by Thursday, when Anderson went on the air, political impact of the electroshock disclosures was already beginning to fade, and that the new allegations gave the dump-Eagleton sentiment in the McGovern camp new impetus. One of McGovern's top staff men acknowledges that the Anderson material "made the pro-Eagleton people less sure of themselves and the anti's more determined." True Davis, always ready with the *mot juste*, called it "the frosting on the cake."

If the Eagleton episode tarnished Jack Anderson's credibility, United Features hasn't heard about it. Since Eagleton, Anderson has lost six papers, and added twelve, bringing his circulation to an all-time high of 946 papers. Only two—the *Missouri Sun Papers*—said they dropped him on account of Eagleton. For most of the readers of his 946 papers, Anderson's column is the only real muckraking they ever see. And if this painful misadventure has caused readers to doubt Anderson's solid investigative work the other 99 per cent of the time, we all lose. For his part, Anderson remains chastened, but scarcely less the Old Testament Prophet. Ask him if the experience has caused him to pull in his horns, and you get a sermon. I posed the question as we were continuing an interview en route from his office to Capitol Hill, where Anderson was late for an appointment. "No," he said, "I have no intention of pulling my punches. If we're going to go out of business after we make a mistake, there'd never be a newspaper published. Of course, there's one sure way to avoid mistakes: Never trample the toes of the powerful, the special interests. Never dig," Anderson continued, gathering steam, forgetting for a moment that it was he this once who had been caught doing wrong. "Always write what they want to hear, always take their word for it. . ."

And with a quick handshake, he darted through the Independence Avenue traffic and sprinted up the steps of the Rayburn Building.

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**Winging It At *NEW YORK* Magazine**

BY WILLIAM BUTTS

In his 40th year, a well-known New York Times reporter has been named the "most influential" person in the city. The name is J. Anthony Lukas. He is the author of the book "The Making of a Man: The Story of a Reporter's Life" (Doubleday, \$12.95). Lukas is also the author of the book "The Making of a Man: The Story of a Reporter's Life" (Doubleday, \$12.95).

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Lukas and his editors have applied the formula to recent months to the point where information and entertainment have merged to completely that you need a New York flash map to find the town. With other well-known political and social problems are open up like to each other easily at a carnival. There are no apologies. "Of course I wish morality and truth to triumph," says executive editor Bruce Doherty "but in the meantime let's at least have fun." Back to 1961, Lukas might have been describing the New York magazine of today when he wrote, "In magazines in which money is the chief incentive (rather than money or ideological enthusiasm), the writers may be chosen, or retained from other outlets with which the writer is already familiar. The form will often



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